

# THE VILLAGE HERALD.

TRUTH WITHOUT RESERVE—JUSTICE WITHOUT PARTIALITY.

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## TO OUR READERS.

While others love to dwell on the benefits derived by mankind from the advancement of the fine arts, the invention of steam-boats, &c. be ours the choice to soar across the Atlantic waves, to that far distant land, in which the art of Printing was discovered. If a man would form any idea of the advantages that have emanated from it, let him reflect for a moment on the degenerate state of mankind for three fourths of the time since the Christian era, and for the last four centuries contemplate the progress of literature in the land of Christendom, and it will appear obvious that when this magnum ærenum sprang up from the womb of ignorance and superstition, and the aurora of knowledge first began to appear in the east, it was the means of constituting this earthly tenement a learned world. Scarcely a century had subsequently elapsed, when the celebrated Martin Luther, perceiving the corruption of the Pontifical Court of Rome, and the debaucheries of the dignitaries of the church, was disgusted at the ecclesiastical government, and thro' the medium of printing was enabled to show to mankind the fallacy of papal doctrine. From that great and wonderful period we may date the visitation of Hercules among the human race. Men inspired with a love of knowledge arose, by whose studious researches erudition was disseminated among beings who could boast of voracity. Soon was the vast expanse of other men's error, the causes of the celestial phenomena, and many others of equal import, before a profound mystery, were fully demonstrated; and all this was through the medium of the Press. Then how thankful should we be to the discoverers of this art? and under the impression that it will be interesting to our readers, we will enter into a compendious sketch of its discovery. There is a contention between three cities of Germany, viz. Mentz, Haarlem, and Strasburg, for the honour of having produced the first inventor, and four men, Mantz, Gutenberg, Faust, and Koster, whose individual causes strongly espoused with equal zeal by Polydore Virgil, Pasquier, Nauete, and others, claim the reputation of the discovery. However, the invention of metal types, is indisputably alleged to Schoeffer, the servant, son-in-law, and partner of John Faust, alias Faust. Of all the arguments on the subject, those in favour of Koster appear to be the most reasonable, from his youth, he always evinced a decided partiality to the art of engraving, which often induced him to visit the shops of such mechanics, at the time when printing was invented. Hansliem was surrounded by the most beautiful grooves, which were the resorts of the citizens in fair weather: in one of his excursions, Koster engraved on a piece of wood certain letters, which he wrapt up in a piece of paper and put into his pocket: it is supposed that he either got into a perspiration, or seated himself on moist ground afterwards, for when the wood was taken out of his pocket and unwrapped, the impression of the letters was on the paper; after making several experiments he foresaw the benefits that

might be derived from it, which induced him to make letters on a harder substance, which succeeded so well that he was enabled to sell books at a much cheaper rate than those who sold manuscripts, by which he amassed immense sums of money. But his business was ruined by one of his servants named Jaa, Fustus, who, when his master was at church on Christmas day, stole the chief part of his type foundry and fled to Mentz, with one John Van Gutenberg, a gold smith; and from thence it spread through all the enlightened world. It is stated that when Koster returned from church, he was much disconcerted, but as he was advanced in years never attempted to renew the business.

## NATURAL ELECTRICITY AND LIGHTNING RODS.

Thunder and lightning are now well known to be electrical phenomena.

All the phenomena observable in nature as well as artificial electricity, may be satisfactorily explained on the Franklinian hypothesis of electricity; which may be briefly expressed as follows:

1. All bodies, or ponderable substances, contain an elastic, imponderable fluid, and generic, called the electric fluid; the particles of which, like those of air, and every other elastic fluid, repel each other, with a power decreasing as the square of the distance increases; while, between the particles of this fluid, and those of the ponderable substance, there exists a mutual attraction, which decreases according to the same law.

2. Though the pores of some bodies, the electric fluid will pass freely, or meet with little resistance—these are hence termed conductors of electricity: while through the pores of other bodies it moves with difficulty, or is wholly obstructed; and these are hence termed non-conductors. Of the former class are, all metals, water, of bodies abounding with moisture, animal fluids, charcoal, black sand, flame, and a vacuum. Of the latter class, are all vitreous and resinous substances, and gums; all animal excrements, as hair, wool, feathers, linn, silk, all vegetable substances, when deprived of moisture, as dry paper, baked wood, &c. and dry air. Though among these there is a gradation, from the most perfect conductor, to the most perfect non-conductor.

3. By sundry operations, both of nature and art, the equilibrium of the electric fluid in bodies is destroyed, becoming redundant in one body, or part of a body, and deficient in another. When redundant, the body is said to be in a plus, or positive state of electricity; when deficient it is said to be in a minus, or negative state, when neither redundant nor deficient, it is said to be in its natural state.

4. In artificial electricity, friction is generally necessary to excite it. Friction weakens the attraction between the particles of the body rubbed and those of the electric fluid it contains; hence, the one which is most affected by the friction, will part with a portion of its electricity to the other. So if one of the bodies is a non-conductor, they will then abound in different states of electricity, but if both be conductors, the equilibrium will be instantly restored as soon as disturbed.

The clouds, by a process in nature perhaps not well understood, frequently become electrified; sometimes positively, and sometimes negatively. When an electrified cloud approaches near to the earth, which, from the mutual attraction between all ponderable matter and the electric fluid, it will have a tendency to do; then, the part of the earth immediately under the cloud, will acquire an opposite state of electricity—the stratum of air being in the condition of a charged Leyden phial; and, in favourable circumstances the redundant fluid in the one will rush to the deficient (negatively electrified) matter of the other, and thus produce the awful phenomena of thunder and lightning. A similar phenomenon frequently takes place between two clouds, in different states of electricity.

The lightning, in its passage from one body to another, moves with immeasurable velocity, in an angulated or zigzag direction, and is attended with an awful explosion; great or less according to its distance and intensity; and generally with a continued rumbling noise. The velocity with which the lightning moves, appearing in all parts of its path at

the same instant, renders it impossible for the eye to determine its direction. The zigzag direction, most arise, in part from the successive changes in the figure of the electric ball of fluid fire—for when this becomes oblate in its direct course, from the resistance of the air, it will, from its increased resistance in this direction, glance off obliquely—and thus by successive changes of figure, as with a bubble of air moving through water, the zigzag direction will be produced. The condensation of the air, by the rapid motion of the lightning, will no doubt also contribute to this phenomenon. The audible explosion doubtless arises from the sudden concussion of the air by lightning, and its subsequent collapse, in supplying the vacuum produced by the passage of the lightning. The different parts of the path through which the lightning has passed being at different distances from the ear, the sound of the explosion, though instantaneous, will reach it in successive portions of time; and hence the continued rumbling noise accompanying a clap of thunder. The reverberated echo from reflecting obstacles, will no doubt contribute to the same effect.

Whatever may be the nature of the flash of lightning, its fatal effects are but too well known. It therefore becomes an important question—How may these effects be prevented? and happily for mankind this question is not now of doubtful solution. The immortal Franklin having verified, by actual experiment, his preconceived hypothesis of the identity of lightning and the electric fluid—and having previously discovered the efficacy of a metallic point in drawing off or emitting the electric fluid from an electrified body, immediately applied these discoveries to the preservation of houses, &c. from the fatal effects of lightning; and from the time those lightning rods were first employed, till the present—upwards of half a century—there has scarce a single instance occurred, where a house furnished with one of the metallic conductors, in good order and properly erected, has received any material injury from a stroke of lightning.

This lightning rod may very conveniently, and at a trifling expense—for the highest building, scarce exceeding five dollars—be made of thick iron wire (No. 1, or No. 2) formed at top into a moderately sharp point, and thinned a few inches down, to prevent it from rust or oxidation. The upper extremity of the rod should extend five or six feet above the top of the chimney to which it is attached, and descend about the same depth below the surface of the ground. A sufficient depth under ground may be obtained, with very little labour, by carrying the rod into the cellar, through a window, or through a perforation made in the wall, for dirt, three or four feet of digging only will be required.

Round the lower extremity of the rod, let there be thrown a few bundles of charcoal; which, from its being a good conductor of electricity, the angular or pointed figure of its parts, its quality of absorbing moisture, and its insubstrability by any agent except fire—will afford a permanent, capacious, and effectual medium for the free passage of the electric fluid, between the conductor and the surrounding earth.

Barns, after the ingathering of the harvest are observed to be much more frequently struck with lightning than any other buildings. This is probably owing to the ascent of vapour generated by a slight fermentation taking place in the moist contents of the barn, which favours the passage of the lightning between it and the cloud. For a similar reason, kitchen chimneys, being the only ones in which fire is usually kept during the season when thunder most prevails, are more exposed to a stroke of lightning than any others. Hence, barns should always, and kitchen chimneys, whenever convenient, be furnished with lightning rods. It is, however, believed, that a lightning rod erected above the highest chimney of any house of moderate extent, would be a sufficient security for the whole building.

As thunder storms generally come from the westward, the lightning rod, to secure the building, should, when other circumstances admit be placed on the most western chimney, or part of the building.

## CHARLES W. PEALE.

The following sketch of the life of Charles Wilson Peale is extracted from the *Douglasian Patriot*:

“Few men have done more towards the advancement of the arts and sciences, in this country, than Charles Wilson Peale. As the founder of the

Philadelphia Museum, he led the way towards the cultivation of a taste for natural and scientific history, at the same time that he formed one of the rarest and most splendid collections in the world. His talents as a painter enabled him to add much to the value of his Museum; and the last effort of his prolific pencil is a full length likeness of himself, in the act of raising a curtain with one hand, which exhibits a full view of the long gallery of the Museum, to which, with the other, he directs the attention of the spectator. As an artist, Mr. Peale has not received that degree of honour to which his merits have entitled him; for had he sought it in a foreign land, like many fortunate Americans, there can be little doubt but he would have received the same measure of applause awarded to the most successful of them. But unambitious of fame, and surrounded by a numerous family of children, whose tastes and talents here a most astonishing resemblance to their father's, his honourable life was spent in devotion to the cultivation of the fine arts in his own country. By his perseverance, Mr. Peale has settled a fact, long considered doubtful by naturalists, and one which the discovery of immense bones in the vicinity of our western waters had rendered deeply interesting. These relics of a race of animals that once inhabited this continent, though appearing frequently to the western pioneer, had never been assigned to any known race of quadrupeds, until Mr. Peale undertook, at his expense, to prove that they belonged to the Mammoth. With immense labour he drew one of these huge fabrics from a deep morass in the state of New York, piece by piece, and placed it in his Museum, with a painting descriptive of the process he employed. It there stands a monument of his devotion to the cause of science, and as great a curiosity as the continent has ever produced.

Temperate and active during the whole of his long life, Mr. Peale had reached his 86th year without experiencing the usual infirmities of age; and it was only by a short and severe indisposition that his active career has been so suddenly closed.

## ABDICATION OF BOLIVAR.

By a Caracas, Feb. 6, 1827.

To his Excellency the President of the honourable body of the Senate—

Most Excellent Sir:

In no former circumstances has the august authority of Congress been of such necessity to the republic as at this present period, in which every mind has been disturbed, and the whole nation agitated, by internal commotions.

Called by your excellency to take the oath of office as president of the republic, I arrived at the capital, whence I was speedily summoned to the department of the ancient Venezuela. From Bogota to this city I have issued decrees so important, that I make bold to declare it of the greatest moment that your excellency should call the attention of congress to them, and request that body, from me, to take them into their wise consideration. If I have overstepped the boundaries of my authority, the fault lies solely with me; but I willingly consecrate even my innocence to the safety of the republic. This sacrifice was required of me, and I glory in not having delayed it.

When in Peru, an official notice brought me intelligence of my elevation, by the people, to the presidency of the republic. I declined to the executive power the acceptance of the chief magistracy of the nation. For fourteen years have I fulfilled the office of supreme head and president of the republic; dangers forced this duty upon me, which, no longer existing, leave me

at liberty to retire to the enjoyments of private life.

I beg of congress to cast a regard upon the situation of Columbia, of America, and of the entire world: every thing seems to flatter us. There is not a Spaniard upon the American continent. Domestic peace has reigned in Columbia since the commencement of the present year. Many powerful nations recognize our existence, and some are joined to us in the bonds of amity and friendship. A large portion of the American states are in alliance with Columbia, and Spain is at present menaced by Great Britain.

What more can we hope for? The womb of time can alone contain the immensity of happiness which has been prepared for us by a bountiful Providence, in whom is our only reliance. As for me, suspicions of a tyrannical usurpation rest upon my name, and disturb the hearts of the Columbians. Republicans, jealous of their liberties, cannot consider me without a secret dread, because the pages of history tell them that all those placed in similar situations have been ambitious.—In vain do I wish to propose the example of Washington as my defence; and, in fact, one or many exceptions can effect nothing against the experience of the world, which has always been oppressed by the powerful. I sigh, between the distresses of my fellow-citizens and the sentence which awaits me in the judgment of posterity. I myself am aware that I am not free from ambition; and, therefore, I desire to extricate myself from the grasp of that fury, to free my fellow-citizens from all inquietude, and to secure after my death, that reputation, which I may be entitled to for my zeal in the cause of liberty. With such sentiments, I renounce, again and again, the Presidency of the Republic. Congress and the nation must receive this abdication as irrevocable. Nothing will be able to oblige me to continue in the public service, to which I have already dedicated my entire life. And now that the triumph of liberty has placed this sublime right with me in the enjoyment of every one, shall I alone be deprived of it? No: the congress and the Columbian people are just; they will not compel me to an ignominious desertion. Few are the days which now remain to me; more than two thirds of my existence has already passed; let me, therefore, be permitted to await a peaceful death in the obscure and silent retreat of my paternal residence. My sword and my heart, will nevertheless, be always with Columbia, and my last sighs will ascend to heaven in prayers for her continued prosperity.

I pray, therefore, congress and my fellow-citizens, to confer on me the title of a private citizen.

God guard your excellency.

CHARLES W. PEALE.





## THE PARTERRE.

VARIETY leads into the mind a train of the useful and the sweet.

FOR THE VILLAGE HERALD.  
AN ACROSTIC ON RELIGION.

RELIGION! blooming, beautiful maid,  
Ere thou art matchless, wondrous aid,  
I et pain, or care, or grief befall,  
I n thee, I find a cure for all.  
G ive me, thou Cherub! all thy charms,  
I n mercy, take me to thine arms.  
O n me thy soothing smiles bestow,  
N or wealth, nor fame could bless me so.  
BENJAMIN.  
Mount Science, April 2, 1837.

FOR THE VILLAGE HERALD.  
CANZONET.

Where'er I go, where'er I rove,  
Where'er my weary feet I move,  
I'm always thinking on thee, love,  
And sighing for to meet thee.

O how I long to meet thee,  
To meet, meet, meet thee,  
How kindly I would greet thee,  
And fold thee in my arms, love.

Thou' woods and wilds between us lie,  
And wat'ry billows rolling, sigh,  
Yet hope, fond hope in every sigh,  
Foretells that I shall meet thee.  
O how I long &c.

The dove that mourns her absent mate,  
In strains so solemn and sad,  
Reminds me of my cruel fate,  
While doom'd to live without thee.  
O how I long &c.

And if the day should ever come,  
When I shall see my native home,  
To foreign lands no more I'll roam,  
But spend my hours with thee.  
O how I long &c.

ORPHEUS.

MODESTY.

As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,  
So modest excellence shines more bright;  
Unassuming charms, with edge redoes  
And she who means no mischief loses  
IT ALL.

The following beautiful extract is made from a work entitled "Imaginary conversations between literary men & statesmen," by Walter Savage Landor. We presume that it will be interesting to our readers; as one of the most amiable personages, that ever fell a victim to the fumes of ambition, and whose execution is the theme of an affecting paragraph in the annals of modern history, is introduced.—When we contemplate her alone, en-compassed with her library, and preferring the sentiments of Plato to the entertainments of the vivarium we are surprised to find at so premature an age, such a peculiar turn of mind formed amid the ostentatious pageantry of a court; and when we bring her to our fancy standing on a scaffold and delivering a last valodictory address to an affected audience, with that steady and serene countenance indicative of a conscience void of offence, the soul is filled with commiseration for a fellow thus cut off by the scythe of faction ere it is blown.—EDMON.

Ascham. Thou art going, my dear young lady, into a most awful state; thou art passing into matrimony and great wealth. God hath willed it so; submit in thankfulness.

Thy affections are rightly placed and well distributed. Love is a secondary passion in those who love least.—He who is inspired by it in a great degree, is inspired by honour in a greater; it never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection, but in the most exalted minds.—Alas! Alas!

Jane. What sileth my virtuous Ascham? What is amiss? Why do I tremble?

Ascham. I see perils on perils which thou dost not see, although thou art wiser than thy poor old master. And it is not because love hath blinded thee, for that surpasseth his supposed influence but it is because thy tender heart having always leaned affectionately upon good, hath felt and known nothing of evil.

I once persuaded thee to reflect much; let me now persuade thee to avoid the habit of reflection, to lay aside books, and gaze carefully and steadily on what is under and before thee.

Jane. I have well bethought me of all my duties. O how extensive they are! What a goodly and fair inheritance! But tell me, wouldst thou command me never more to read Cicero and Epictetus and Polybius the o-thers I do resign unto thee; they are good for the labour and for the grave; but leave unto me I beseech

thee, my friend and father, leave unto me, for my fire side and for my pillow, truth, eloquence, courage, constancy.

Ascham. Read them on thy marriage-bed, on thy child-bed or thy death-bed! Thou spotless undrooping lily, they have fenced thee right well.—These are the bright and blessed creatures, O Jane! whom God one day shall smile upon in thy chaste bosom. Mind thou thy husband.

Jane. I sincerely love the youth who hath espoused me; I love him with the fondest, the most sedulous affection. I pray to the Almighty for his goodness and his happiness, and do forget at times, unworthy supplicant the prayers I should have offered for myself. O never fear that I will ever disparage my kind religious teacher, by disobedience to my husband in the most trying duties.

Ascham. Gentle as Jane, and virtuous, but time will harden him; time will even harden thee, sweet Jane! Do thou, complacently and indirectly, lead him from ambition.

Jane. He is contented with me and with home.

Ascham. Ah Jane, Jane! men of high estate grow tired of contentedness.

Jane. He told me he never liked books unless I read them to him every evening; I will open new worlds to him, richer than those discovered by the Spaniards; I will conduct him to treasures O what treasures! on which he may sleep in innocence and peace.

Ascham. Rather do thou walk with him, ride with him, play with him, be his fury, his page his every thing that love and poetry have invented; but watch him well, report with his fingers, turn them about like the ringlets round his cheeks; and if he ever meditates on power, go, toss up thy baby to his brow and bring back his thoughts into his heart by the music of thy discourse.

Teach him to live unto God and unto thee; and he will discover that women, like the plants in the woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.

SELECTED FOR THE HERALD.  
SPRING.

Come, gentle spring! ethereal mildness come;  
And from the bosom of yon drooping cloud,  
While music wakes around, veild in a shower  
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

Spring is the gayest, cheerfulness, most animating season of the year.—When winter's icy bands are all dissolved; when the placid streams and murmuring rivulets flow freely within their verdant banks; when the feathered warblers of the grove or forest tune their merry notes; when the flowers begin to blossom, the grass to spring up, and the trees to bud forth; when nature is arrayed in her fairest and most charming guise; then the spirits are light and the feelings buoyant.

The very changeableness of the season is a recommendation. The clear coolness of the morning, the genial warmth of the mid-day, and the mild evening air, are agreeably diversified by the gently dropping shower, the bleak northwind, and the black thunder-storm.

"Who would be doomed to gaze upon Asky without a cloud or sun?"

An eternal sameness of prospect, a ceaseless monotony of sound, would create a vacant feeling impossible to be borne. Variety is the delight of human nature; who then, shall say, that the discomfort attendant on a storm of rain, or wind, or thunder, is without its counterbalance, though its effect be insensible? When we reflect, that every drop of water, which falls to the earth, increases the farmer's hope of harvest; and that the wind and the thunder, also have their use; we cannot regret the momentary inconvenience imposed upon ourselves.

If we walk forth, and view the different scenes presented to the eye, we shall be struck with admiration. Though the earth was so lately covered with snow, and the watery elements congealed; yet we now behold the various pursuits of life carried on with vigour and activity; and listening the mumble hum of business pervades the ear.

Here the rustic labourer, "whistling for the want of thought," cultivates his terrene dominion; while his cattle are contentedly grazing in the neighbouring pasture. There the waterman plies his oars, to wait the traveller across the bosom of the waters. Farther on in the distance, we descry the white sail of some vessel, just skimming along the horizon and anon disappearing; or perhaps homeward bound, it grows larger to the eye, as it arrives nearer, until it anchors at the quay, and the passengers joyfully step on shore, while the owners hasten to inspect their new-comer goods.

Here the artificer busies himself in his vocation; and there the tradesman buys and sells, or exchanges foreign wares for domestic produce. All seem happy, lithe and joyous.

Spring is the season of hope, of expectation, of trust in Providence. The farmer plants and sows, and the mer-

chant sends out his vessels; and both put their trust in Him, who guides the mariner on the trackless deep, and who watches over the smallest seed which is laid in the ground. Thy dear Al-mighty Parent, who will bless their wishes with a bountiful fruition; who will ever show himself a "very present help in time of need."

"Then let my wondering heart confess,  
With gratitude and love,  
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless  
The garden, field and grove."  
JULIA.

SHURLOCK'S ELOQUENCE.

Bishop Shurlock, in one of his sermons, has the following elegant passage, which is quoted by Mr. Blair, in his Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres, as a remarkably fine example of the figure of personification. The author is comparing our Saviour with Mahomet.

"Go," says he, "to your Natural Religion; lay before her, Mahomet and his disciples, arrayed in armour and blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands who fell by his victorious sword. Shew her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has viewed him in this scene, carry her into retirement—shew her the prophet's chamber; his concubines and his wives—and let her hear him allege revelation, and a divine commission to justify his adultery and lust. When she is tired with the prospect, then shew her the blessed Jesus, humble and meek doing good to all the sons of men. Let her see him in the most retired privacy; let her follow him to the 3 Mount, and hear his devout and supplications to God. Carry her to his table, to view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly discourse.—Let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies. Lead her to the cross; let her view him in the agony of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors.—Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do! When Natural Religion has thus viewed them both, ask her which is the Prophet of God! But her answer we have already had, when she saw part of this scene through the eyes of the Centurion, who attended at the cross. By him she spoke and said, "Truly this man was the Son of God." This, says Blair is more than elegant; it is truly sublime. The whole passage is animated, and the figure lives at the conclusion; when Natural Religion who before, was only a spectator, is introduced as speaking by the Centurion's voice. It has the better effect too, that it occurs at the conclusion of a discourse where we naturally look for the most warmth and dignity.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

"Life's little stage," says Young, is a small eminence—but inch-high above the grave, that final home of man, where dwells the untold multitude. We look around—we read their monuments—we sigh—and as we sigh, we sink, and are what we de-posed!—lamenting, or lamented, all plour lot."

These sacred truths, though summarily expressed, are replete with interesting admonitions.

We are apt to think this life of ours immortal, and to bestow no attention to the narrow limits, destined, sooner or later, to confine it; thus thinking, as we live and act, on many occasions, repugnant to that virtue and justice, which we should admire, revere and practice, did we call to mind the uncertainty of our prospects and duration here, and the certainty of an hereafter, in which we are to be rewarded or punished, according to the good or bad deeds done in this life.

A grave yard is both instructive to the mind and wholesome to the soul. While it ridicules the idea of any other superiority in human nature, than that of worth and virtue, it demonstrates that death huris his darts at all; and that, in the grave, all share one common fate, to moulder and decay; and as we pass on, from stone to stone, from tomb to tomb, and either reflect upon the uncertainty of the actions which distinguish the persons they mark, a voice seems continually ascending to our ears saying "Live righteously, that you may die good and live again to immortality of happiness and glory!"

VINEYARDS.

A Milledgeville paper notices the formation of two large vineyards in the neighbourhood of that place. The climate of Georgia is every way suitable to the cultivation of the grape, and the experiment has been successfully tried. The continued depreciation of cotton renders it more than ever necessary to seek for some staple, which will reward the toil, and return an interest on the capital of the planter. According to the expositions of Mr. Adlum, of Georgetown, who has prosecuted the culture of the grape more extensively and successfully than any other individual in the Union, we should suppose it afforded a

A HORRIBLE AFFAIR.

A letter from Granada contains the following account of a most extraordinary and horrible event, which has taken place in that ancient capital of the Moors.—On the 8th of December last, at the Feast of Conception, the church appertaining to a convent of Nuns of Granada was filled as usual with the crowd of the faithful at high mass. After the ceremony the crowd dispersed and the only persons who lingered in the church were two cavalry officers. They were also in the

act of returning, when a nun, who had remained behind the rest of the sisterhood, made a sign to the officer who was following his comrade, that she wished to speak to him. He accordingly told his comrade to wait for him outside the church, and he returned to speak to the nun, when the following dialogue took place:

"You are a man of honour and discretion, I presume, sir?"

"Yes, sister, I am both the one and the other."

"Are you willing to render me an important service?"

"Yes, sister."

"I will not conceal from you that the service I require at your hands, needs not only discretion, but extraordinary intrepidity; knowing this, are you willing to render me the service I require of you?"

"Yes sister, I am determined."

"Very well, when you hear the convent bell strike half past twelve to-night, be at such a gate, (particularizing the gate,) I shall be at the other side to open it, on your knocking twice, and you shall then learn what it is I require of you. Will you be faithful to the rendezvous?"

"Yes, sister, I shall be there."

"Well, I depend upon you, adieu."

They parted and the officer left the church. On rejoining his comrade he told him what had taken place and asked him if he should keep the appointment. The other, on being informed that the nun was about thirty, and not ill formed, advised him to keep the appointment, and offered, for fear of accident, to accompany him to the gate, at which the nun was to be. Accordingly, at the appointed hour, the two officers were at the gate, which, on the concerted signal being given, was opened by the nun. The chosen officer entered, and the other remained close to the gate to watch the conclusion of this extraordinary adventure. The nun said to the officer who entered, "You are a man of courage and honour, and are entitled to my utmost gratitude." The night being very dark, and the passage through which they had to go obscure, the nun made him take hold a corner of her robe, and in this manner, conducted him to her cell, where there was a lamp alight. She made him sit down, and invited him to take a glass of liquor with her, at the same time producing two bottles. She filled him a glass out of one, and took a little herself out of the other. After he had emptied his glass, she told him to go to the one side of the bed, while she placed herself at the other. The officer obeyed. The nun then said, "We are alone—my door is fastened—look," at the same moment she proceeded to pull down the bed clothes, and discovered, to his great horror and amazement, the dead body of a monk, who had been hanged. The nun then continued, "You must take upon your shoulders this body and carry it outside the convent; I will light you to the gate of the first court. You must instantly obey, or you are a dead man; for, the first motion you make, unless it be to take up the body, I shall shoot you through the head," and sitting the action to the word, she drew a pistol from her bosom, and presented it at him.—"I know (added she) that my own life will be the forfeit if you refuse; for after shooting you, I have another for myself." The officer, seeing no other means of escape, took up the body on his shoulders, and, accompanied by the nun, who carried a dark lantern, proceeded to the gate by which he entered, and, on issuing from it, threw down his horrible burden at the feet of his comrade, who was waiting to laugh with him, at what he supposed a pious love intrigue. After recounting with his friend the almost incredible adventure in which he had been engaged, they both resolved to repair immediately to the Corregidor, and inform him of the circumstances. They had proceeded scarcely a hundred paces from the convent, when the officer who brought out the body suddenly complained of the most excruciating and burning pains in his stomach. He soon after fell upon the pavement, and in a few moments expired. His friend, beside himself with terror, ran with the utmost speed to the Corregidor, to inform him of this tissue of horror. Notwithstanding the exertions of the magistrates and the police, no discovery has yet been made of the female demon who perpetrated this double murder.

MARYLAND LAW.

AN ACT relating to Bail in Civil Actions.—Passed at December session, 1836.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That it shall and may be lawful for any person arrested or imprisoned in virtue of a writ of capias ad respondendum, in any civil action, at any time before the return day of such writ, to apply by petition, to any judge of the Court to which such writ shall be returnable, to appoint a time and place for producing before such petitioning prisoner, to be discharged from imprisonment, unless cause shall be shown to the contrary; and, on such application, it shall be the duty of such judge to issue an order to the sheriff, or other officer, in whose custody such petitioner may be, to produce him before such judge, at a time and place in the said order specified, to do and receive whatsoever shall seem just, and also requiring such sheriff, or other officer, to give notice to the plaintiff or plaintiffs, at whose suit such petitioning prisoner shall have been arrested, or to the attorney or agent for the plaintiff or plaintiffs in such suit, to produce at the time and place named in the said order, the cause of such suit or action; and it shall be the duty of the sheriff, or other officer, to whom such order shall be directed, to obey and execute the same, by delivering a copy thereof to the plaintiff or plaintiffs therein named, or to his, or their agent or attorney, or by leaving such copy at the dwelling-house or usual place of abode or of business of either of them within the time in such order limited; and by producing the body of such petitioning prisoner before the said judge, or directing by such order, and the sheriff or other officer, who shall execute any such order, shall be entitled to receive from the applicant, such fees as are allowed by law for similar services, to be ascertained and allowed by the judge who shall decide on the application.

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That at the time and place appointed by the order of any judge for producing the body of any petitioning prisoner, the same judge, or any judge of the same court, may immediately hear and decide on the application of such petitioner, if it shall appear that notice has been duly given to the plaintiff or plaintiffs, at whose suit such prisoner shall have been arrested, or to his or their agent or attorney, in such suit, or if either of them shall attend; or, for want of such notice or for such other cause as to the said judge may appear reasonable, may postpone the consideration of the petition of such prisoner to another time and direct notice of such postponement to be given to the plaintiff or his, or their attorney or agent, if neither shall have attended. And on the consideration of every such application, the judge shall have full power to decide whether any, and if any, what description and amount of bail shall be given by the petitioning defendant to decide on the sufficiency and accept of special bail for such defendant in the action; to order the defendant to be discharged on common bail, or without bail, if no sufficient cause shall be produced for holding him to bail, and on his executing a power to some attorney of the court to appear for him on the return of the writ; and generally to do all other acts in relation to the application of the prisoner, the cause of action the sufficiency, perfecting and justification of bail, and the release of such prisoner, as if such judge were sitting in court; and all the acts of such judge, and all matters so transacted before him, shall be certified under his hand and returned to the clerk of the county court to which the writ, under which the petitioner shall have been arrested, shall be returnable, and be filed with the other proceedings in such action; and shall in all respects and to all intent and purposes, be as valid, binding, and effectual, as if performed during the regular term in open court.

The Philadelphia Press states, that private letters have been received, which give accounts of the breaking up of Mr. Owens' establishment at New Harmony, in Indiana. The projector, it is said, has gone to New Orleans, and the members of the society have dispersed. It is said also that he complains bitterly of the unmanageable, heterogeneous materials that he had to work with, in his essay, to establish a new form of civilised society.

GOLD.—The Salisbury paper of N. C. says, that Gold has been discovered in Halifax county, Va. near North Fork Creek. Very little of the precious metal has yet been dug up; but appearances are said to warrant the belief that the mine will prove very rich.

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# THE VILLAGE HERALD.

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## AN ESSAY. ON THE NATURE OF SOILS.

And the method of improving them.  
For which an award was made by the Hillsborough Agricultural Society, at their Cattle Show and Fair, held at Francestown, N. H.

The nature of soils, the best method of their improvement, and the adaptation of crops to their peculiarities, are subjects of the first importance in the Science and Art of Agriculture. It is of great utility to know what are the component parts of different soils; their proportions in particular soil; to ascertain what constitutes fertility, and those defects or noxious qualities which tend to barrenness. It is of equal importance to know the elementary substances, and their proportions which compose certain vegetables, so as to adapt a particular kind of grain, root, or grass to a particular soil. Without some degree of this kind of knowledge, a farmer may be very injudicious and unfortunate in the selection of his fields; and cultivate the ground as mechanically as the team he drives. It requires but little observation to discover that many have made an unwise distribution of their lands for the different departments of cultivation. Some lands are used for grazing which would be more profitable for mowing. Some are improved for grain which would be more suitable for reas, and the contrary. Others are improved for a species of root or grain, which are better adapted to a different kind. Much land is left half way between cultivation and its natural state, and while in this condition it is no matter what the soils. Not a small proportion of many farms, which is almost unproductive, or entirely so, might, by little expense, be changed into a fruitful soil, and become beautiful and profitable. When farmers are conversant with the truth of this fact, they will also be convinced that it is more for their interest to double the value of their land, than to double the number of their acres. Many who are unacquainted with the properties of matter, and with the physiology of vegetables, have, by observation and repeated experiments, managed their lands with a good degree of judgment and profit. But had they been acquainted with the constituent parts of soils and the changes produced by different proportions; had they known the different degrees of fertility, and the manner in which they are produced in plants by various combinations of matter, they would have found resources in their own possession for the improvement of their soils and crops, and they would have cultivated their fields not only with greater profit but with greater pleasure. Who would not rather understand the principles of his art than practice as a parrot repeats his lesson, or as a machine performs its motion?

Chemistry is nearly allied to Agriculture. It has already done much for its interest; and it promises to bring it to a much higher degree of perfection. There is something pleasing in the prospect, that our farmers will ere long, become philosophers; and Agriculture be the most honourable occupation.

To a superficial observer there appears to be an almost infinite variety of soils; and that it would be extremely difficult to class them, but generally with any considerable degree of accuracy; or that a few specific rules should subserve the improvement of them all. By chemical analysis it is found that every kind of soil is composed of some, or all of the principal earths, viz—lime, clay, sand and magnesia. Though there are other earths, sometimes intermixed with these, yet they are of little, or no consideration in the vegetable economy. In soils are also found water, carbon, fixed air, and decomposed vegetable and animal substances. But soils, as it respects their bases, are varied and diversified according to the combination and proportion of their constituent

and essential parts. From a varied combination of these few earths and substances just mentioned, arise that multiplicity of soils, with which the face of the earth is variegated. It has been discovered by that eminent philosopher, Sir Humphrey Davy, that the earths which compose soils are compound substances; and that a chymical union of two bodies result in the generation of a third. It may be easily conceived that, by the operation of this law of nature, from a few primary elements an almost endless variety of substance may be produced.

Soil which consists of only one kind of earth as clay, lime, sand, magnesia, is unfruitful. It is necessary that there be a combination of these elements in order to produce fertility; and the productiveness of the soil will vary with the different proportions of these combined substances. Hence it becomes necessary to analyze soils, discover their component parts, and the proportion of each. If there be a redundancy of one kind of earth, it may receive the admixture of a different kind, or it may be removed to another soil where it is needed. If there be a deficiency of another, it may be supplied from a corresponding excess in a different soil; if there be properties in the soil which are prejudicial to the growth of vegetables, there are certain substances which may be applied, which will neutralize the noxious qualities. Thus the principal part of farms contain wholly, or partly their remedies within themselves; and like the different parts of society they are mutually subservient.

It will be useful to analyze several fertile soils and ascertain the different proportions of earths, which compose them; then analyze the inferior soils, which are designed to be made like them, and ascertain the excess, or deficiencies of its parts, and the remedy is discovered. Bring from places, where they can be spread, those earths which will supply defects, and assimilate the poor to the good soils. When any particular soil is to be improved by the mixture of the earths, it is necessary to consider for what crops, or crops it is to be prepared and make the application accordingly. A judicious farmer will generally devote any particular plot of ground to that kind of product, for which the least expense is required in the preparation.

In order to adapt crops to soils, it is necessary to give a complete analysis to the former, as well as to the latter. According to the celebrated Dr. Kirwan, "The only substances common to the growing of vegetables and the soils, in which they grow, are water, coal, different earths, and salts. These, therefore, form the true food of vegetables." It seems to be a natural inference that the properties and proportion of the parts of a soil should be in some degree similar to those of the plant, which is designed to flourish in it. The substances, which go most copiously into the formation of vegetables, are water and coal. Water is itself a food for plants, and it is also an agent in conveying and conveying nutriment from the air and earth to their organs; and distributing it through all their parts. Coal is the residuum of all vegetables, which have been cleared, and of all vegetables and animal substances, which have undergone the process of putrefaction or fermentation. All those applications to soils, which produce, or promote these substances, in a just degree, are highly conducive to its fertility. Other additions to soils, which go most copiously into the formation of vegetables must not be overlooked, as they are proportionately useful in the economy of vegetation.

By decomposition it is found that vegetables contain but a very small proportion of earthy substance. Hence it follows that they must not be small draught upon that part of the soil, which consists of some or all of the primitive earths; these being the basis of the vegetable kingdom, rather than its nutriment. It follows, of course, that the formation of a good soil, by rightly proportioning its parts is a lasting benefit. The manures, made of animal and vegetable substances, are applied to fields are soon exhausted by succeeding crops. But it is not so with the earths, which are component parts of the soil. These are the basis of vegetation; the laboratory in which a great proportion of food is prepared for vegetables. A farmer who makes a poor soil good, transmits a benefit to his posterity.

It is a natural inquiry, what is the constitution of a good soil? Without doubt, a mixture of composition is found in different fertile soils, but an answer, on general principles, may be given to the question. It is necessary that it be a combination of earths, at least of the primitive earths; that

the proportions of each should be such, that they would have a texture so open that they can easily absorb moisture and give free expansion to the roots of vegetables; and at the same time, they should have a texture so close, as to retain moisture and manure enough for the luxuriant growth of vegetables. But the proportions of the different parts of soil ought to vary according to situation and climate. The texture of a soil may be more close on a declivity than on a plain. A soil may be more saline in a dry, than in a moist climate, and also on a gravelly, than on a clayey subsoil.

These general observations and principles are of a practical nature; and it will be useful to apply them for the improvement of particular soils, and for the interest of Agriculture. A soil consisting wholly of sand would be entirely unproductive, were it not for those nutritious particles, which are brought down by rains and dews, and give rise to a scanty herbage. A soil in which sand predominates excessively is too open to retain moisture; and if manure be applied, its nutritious qualities are soon carried down below the roots of plants. This soil needs to be made more compact and adhesive. There are various substances, which produce this effect. Clay is the most tenacious and is the best adapted to supply the deficiency of a sandy soil. While it gives it compactness, its fluid and mineral qualities assist in the process of vegetation. If beds of clay be near, sandy lands may be made productive with small expense. If this remedy cannot be procured, lime may be used with great advantage. This substance has a natural affinity to sand, easily incorporates with it, and makes it more tenacious. While it adds to the body of the soil, its syphical qualities operate in preparing food for vegetables. The expense of this article, except in the neighbourhood of lime kilns, will probably prevent its being used in any considerable degree, for the purposes of Agriculture.

Leached ashes are an excellent manure for a sandy soil. They give it consistency. They make it more retentive of other manures, which are laid upon it; and they attract moisture from the air.

Gypsum, or Plaster of Paris is very useful on some sandy soils; most especially on those which are destitute of any calcareous substance. Its properties do not yet appear to be fully developed. It is found to promote putrefaction to a high degree. It will, of course, decompose fibrous substances, and make them food for vegetables. It is believed that it attracts nutritious particles from the atmosphere.

Peat or bog, put upon sandy soil, answers a valuable purpose. It consists, in a great degree, of decayed vegetable substances; and it may enter again into the composition of vegetable bodies. It adds to the compactness and fertility of the soil and makes it more retentive of moisture. This resource is within the reach of almost every farmer; and while he stiches his low, or boggy land to make it productive, he obtains a rich supply for his dry and sandy fields. Surely that must be a profitable business, which by one operation, answers two valuable purposes. It is worthy of remark, that turnips and buckwheat flourish better on a sandy soil, than is but little improved by the addition of other soils than almost any other vegetable.

This kind of soil may without great expense be made to yield most kinds of grains, roots, and grasses with a good degree of luxuriance.

A soil which contains too large a proportion of lime may be greatly benefited by carrying on sand, clay, or peat. In England this kind of soil is greatly improved by panning and burning.

Still clay-soils are naturally unfruitful; but they may be made very fertile. They are cold, wet and adhesive. They often contain much hard fibrous matter. They need to be made warmer, drier, and more open to the sun and air, that the roots may find their way and imbibe their proper nutriment. As the clay pit was once used to supply the wants of a sandy soil, now its sandy soil has an opportunity of discharging its obligations.

Sand and clay intermixes with clay, separates its parts, suffers the water to pass off and admits the warm air. Lime and sand is a powerful agent in breaking down the close texture of a stiff clay soil. It produces a fermentation, and makes the adhesive parts friable. It decomposes the woody fibres and converts them into nutriment. A vegetable mould, or any kind of soil light

er and looser than itself produces good effect. Unleached wood ashes, like lime, carbo and decompose the vegetable fibres, and open, and moderate and fertilize the soil. A bushel of ashes, applied to this or to almost any other kind of land, improves the soil and increases the crops more than a quart of manure; and is guilty of mismanagement, who exchanges the soil of the earth for ardent spirits. Paring and turning clayey soil would be of great utility in loosening its texture; but the labour would be very considerable. It requires more expense, perhaps, to bring this kind of land into a good state of cultivation than almost any other. But when it is well subsoiled, it is very productive; and it is kept in good condition with little expense.

Meadow or boggy land is made up of vegetable mould washed down from the surrounding highlands, or deposited at the bottom of ponds, which have been drawn off, and from decayed vegetables. It is capable of being made very valuable. If it be not necessary to overflow it to kill the growth that is upon it, first operation is to drain it. This labor will be well repaid by removing the peat, thrown from the ditch, to some piece of dry land, for its improvement. No mouth of the top as is unfavorable for vegetation should be heaped and burned on the ground, and the ashes spread. Gravel, sand, lime and clay may then be applied in such quantities, which will give it consistency. After these substances, or part of them are intermixed with the peat, grass seed may be sown; and on many meadows of this kind the best of grasses grow with great luxuriance.

Loamy soils are composed of the same ingredients of which the soils just mentioned are composed, but of different proportions. Loamy soils have less redundancies and deficiencies than they; and they may receive the same applications, which are prescribed for them; but in less quantities.

Alluvial soils are different from all others. They are composed of all kinds of decayed vegetables, of all kinds of earths, various kinds of fossils and minerals, in all imaginable combinations and proportion. They are washed down from the hills and from the banks of rivers; and are carried down by them till they are spread and left upon their shores. Layer after layer is formed, till a considerable depth of these heterogeneous substances is accumulated. This kind of land is called interval; and it is naturally the most fertile and profitable of all our lands.

Some soils are impregnated with iron and other minerals, which are prejudicial to vegetation. Their noxious qualities may be counteracted, or destroyed by the application of quick lime.

The improvement of land by the intermixture of different soils will not supersede the necessity of using artificial manures. The method, which has been prescribed will greatly promote fertility; and it will prepare the fields to receive and retain manure to much greater advantage.

A judicious farmer will endeavor to appropriate his fields to those grains, grasses and roots, which are most congenial and similar to their nature. By a good degree of chymical knowledge and by repeated experiments, he will generally come to a correct decision. After all that can be said on the subject much will be left to the judgment of the Agriculturist. If the expense of changing the proportionate parts, or the loss of a soil be more than the soil is worth, and it has undergone the operation, prudence will forbid him to commence the unprofitable undertaking. But when a farmer has sons to be trained to labour, and little to be accustomed to the yoke, he can accomplish much with little positive expense.

The subject under consideration does not require that any thing be said on farm yard manure. This is entirely a distinct subject, and ought to be discussed by itself.

The subject before us opens an immense field for investigation and discussion. It is desirable, that many laborers of science and experience should enter this field for its improvement; and the union of different soils in chymical affinity, will produce such other errors, as may be detected, and added much to the stock of Agricultural knowledge.

When we examine the few elementary substances, which compose organic bodies, and discover that all kinds of beings, from the lowliest plant, up to the bird of the feather, are formed by various combinations of these primary elements, are sustained by the same, and made happy by the action of the same, we are constrained to believe

## COUNTERFEITS.

We have seen, says the Baltimore Gazette, a Ten Dollar Note of the Bank of the United States, payable at their Branch, at Charleston, which was crossed at the Branch Bank of the United States in this city. Though it is well calculated to deceive, yet, on a closer examination, there is great defect in the signature of P. Barot, in the body of the note; as also in his endorsement on the back of the note, dated 19th May, 1824, letter W, payable to P. Barot, or order; signed Thomas Wilson, cashier, N. Biddle, president. The figures in number ing are badly done.

## TRADE TO BRAZIL.

Letters from Meridian say that the American commerce suffers much depression in Brazil, in consequence of the non-existence of a commercial convention between the United States and Brazil.

While British merchandise is admitted into the Brazilian ports, on paying 12 per cent duties, American merchandise is subjected to a duty of 20 per cent. The writers express a hope that their interests will not be disregarded by a government to which they are so much attached, and whose vigilance in other respects is so highly commendable.

## LOWER CANADA.

The annual amount of flour in the Province of Lower Canada, within fifteen or 16 months past, is about one million. The business done in some kinds of articles has decreased in a loss of 15,000 barrels less than the average of several preceding years; in flour, 10,000. The export of ships was 17,000 tons; about 5,000 tons less than the preceding year. This branch of business will probably fall off the coming season in value about 10,000, 200,000 tons of shipping were exported from the North American colonies in 1823; which is more than was built in Great Britain in the two years, 1822 and 1823. This business was suddenly discouraged, which would have produced incalculable distress, but for the waste land and public works, which furnish the poor with employment.

## NEW ROMANCE.

The New York American complains, that the Corporation of that city, by the mere waving of their agent's wand, have transferred its office from No. 3 to No. 8 Nassau street. That is nothing. An old lady living in North Carolina near the line, was by the action of a servant's Compass, removed into South Carolina, and what is worse, from a notorious salubrious climate, where she said "none of her family ever experienced a day's illness in their lives," to one of an opposite character.





## THE PARTERRE.

VARIETY insinuates into the mind a relish for the useful and the sweet.

FOR THE VILLAGE HERALD.

### RELIGION'S SMILE.

When friend's desert and life appears  
Sought but a vale of sorrow,  
Religion's smile can dry thy tears,  
And blissful make the morrow.

When lightning's gleam and thunders  
roll,  
And strike the heart with terror;  
Religion's smile can calm the soul—  
Can clear the mind from error.

When pleasure with her gaudy train  
Invites to mirth and gladness;  
Religion's smile can strew the vain—  
The empty show of madness.

When death, the king of terrors, hies,  
And earth and hope are riven;  
Religion's smile can bid us rise  
And seek a promise'd heaven.

JULIA.

Shakespeare combined, perhaps, more  
than any man that ever lived, a thor-  
ough knowledge of the world, with  
a great poetical genius. Many pas-  
sages from his works may be cited to  
verify this opinion—but the extract  
which follows is sufficient proof of  
the assertion. This quotation from  
Hamlet, might be written in the pocket-  
book of every young man just enter-  
ing the world, and be occasionally  
referred to with advantage. There is  
no condition of life to which the coun-  
sel will not apply, and almost every  
person may be confidently appealed to,  
in some one instance or another,  
for its justness and truth. It is the ad-  
vice of a father to a son setting out on  
his travels:

"Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportioned thought its act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means  
vulgar.  
The friends thou hast, and their old  
familiarity, though their old acquaintance  
grapple them to thy soul with hooks  
of steel,  
But do not dull thy palm with entertain-  
ment  
Of each new-hatched, unfledged com-  
rade.  
Beware of entrance to a quarrel: be-  
lieve in it,  
Hear it, that the opposer may beware  
of thee.  
Give every man thine ear, but few thy  
voice:  
Take each man's measure but reserve  
thy judgment.  
Neither a borrower nor a lender be,  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of hus-  
bandry.  
This, above all—thine own self be  
true,  
And it must follow, as the night the  
day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any  
other man."

SELECTED FOR THE HERALD.

### THE RESURRECTION.

On Judah's plain the minstrel lyre  
Is hushed, for north has wing'd its flight:  
In Zion's courts the holy fire  
Is quenched, and sorrow veils the night.

No sound disturbs thee, Solyma,  
Save some disciple's lowly moan:  
No lamp illumines yon vaulted way,  
Save one pale orb that burns alone.

'Tis Bethlem's Star! the holy gem,  
That hail'd the Godhead from the  
skies—  
'Tis Bethlem's Star—the diadem,  
That tells the Conqueror shall rise!

He rises! and the golden choir  
Of angel minstrels wakes the song,  
He rises—mortals catch the fire,  
And strains of ecstasy prolong.

STORY OF AMPATO SAPA.

This beautiful spot in the Missis-  
sippi, (Falls of St. Anthony,) is not with-  
out a tale to hallow its scenery and  
heighten the interest which, of itself  
it is calculated to produce. To  
Waukegan, an old Indian, we are in-  
debted for the narration of the fol-  
lowing transaction, to which his mo-  
ther was an eye-witness. An Indian of  
the Dakota nation had united himself  
in early life to a youthful female,  
whose name was Ampato Sapa, which  
signifies the *Dark Day*—with her he  
lived happily for several years, appar-  
ently enjoying every comfort which  
the savage life can afford. Their union  
had been blessed with two children;  
on whom both parents doted with that  
depth of feeling which is unknown  
to such as have other treasures be-  
sides those that spring from nature.

The man had acquired a reputation  
as a hunter, which drew round him  
many families, who were happy to  
place themselves under his protection,  
and avail themselves of such part of  
his chase as he needed not for the  
maintenance of his family. Desirous  
of strengthening their interest with  
him, some of them invited him to form  
a connection with their families,  
observing at the same time, that a man  
of his talent and importance required  
more than one to wait upon the nu-  
merous guests whom his reputation  
would induce to visit his lodge.

They assured him that he would soon  
be acknowledged as a chief and that in  
this case, a second wife was indispen-  
sable. Fired with the ambition of ob-  
taining high honors, he resolved to  
increase his importance by an union  
with the daughter of an influential  
man of his tribe. He had accordingly  
taken a second wife, without ever  
mentioning the subject to his first  
companion. Being desirous to intro-  
duce his bride into his lodge, in the  
manner which should be least offen-  
sive to the mother of his children,  
for whom he still retained much re-  
gard: "You know, said he, that I can  
love no woman so fondly as I do  
upon you. With regret have I seen  
you of late subjected to toils which  
must be oppressive to you, and from  
which I would gladly relieve you; yet  
I know no other way of doing so,  
than by associating with you in the  
household duties one who shall relieve  
you from the trouble of entertaining  
the numerous guests, whom my grow-  
ing importance in the nation collects  
around me. I have therefore resolved  
upon taking another wife, but she  
shall always be subject to your control,  
as she'll always rank in my affections  
second to you." With the utmost  
anxiety and the deepest concern, did  
his companion listen to this unexpect-  
ed proposal. She expostulated in the  
kindest terms, entreated him with all  
the arguments which undisguised love  
and the purest conjugal affections  
could suggest. She replied to all the  
objections which his duplicity led him  
to raise. Desirous of winning her  
from opposition, the Indian still con-  
cealed the secret of his union with  
another, while she redoubled all her  
care to convince him that she was  
equal to the task imposed on her.

When he again spoke on the subject,  
she pleaded all the endearments of  
their past life—she spoke of his former  
fondness for her, of his regard for her  
happiness and that of their natu-  
ral offspring, and bade him beware  
of the consequences of this fatal pro-  
posal. Finding her heat upon  
withholding her consent to his plan,  
he informed her that all opposition  
on her part was unnecessary, as he  
had already selected another part-  
ner; and that if she could not see his  
new wife as a friend, she must perse-  
vere as a necessary incumbrance, for  
he had resolved that she should be an  
inmate of his house. Distressed at  
this information, she watched him  
opportunity stole away from the cabin  
with her infants, and fled to a distance  
where her father was. With him she  
remained until a party of Indians  
with whom he lived went up the Mis-  
sissippi on a winter hunt. In the Spring,  
as they were returning with their ca-  
ves, loaded with peltries, they encamp-  
ed near the falls. In the morning as  
they left it, she lived near the spot,  
then hunched her light canoe, enter-  
ed into it with her children, and pad-  
dled down the stream singing her  
death song. Too late did her friends  
perceive it—their attempts to prevent  
her from proceeding were of no avail;  
she was heard to sing in a doleful  
voice the past pleasures which she had  
enjoyed, while she was the undivided  
object of her husband's affection—  
finally her voice was drowned in the  
sound of the cataract—the current  
carried down her frail bark with in-  
conceivable rapidity—it came to the  
edge of the precipice, was seen for a  
moment enveloped with spray, but  
never after was a trace of the canoe  
or its passengers seen. Yet, it is stat-  
ed by the Indians, that often in the  
morning a voice had been heard to  
sing a doleful ditty along the edge of  
the fall, and that it dwells on the in-  
constancy of her husband. Nay, some  
assert that her spirit has been seen  
wandering near the spot with her  
children wrapped to her bosom. Such  
are the tales or traditions that the  
Indians treasure up, and which they  
relate to the voyager, forcing a tear  
from the eyes of the most relentless.

GENERAL LEE—A DRAMA.

CHARACTERS.

Gen. Lee—in a slovenly dress.

Farmer.

Betsy—the farmer's daughter.

Officer.

Scene—a farm house in Watertown,  
Massachusetts.

Farmer—Come Betsy, stir up the  
fire and keep the pot boiling, for there  
is word that Gen. Lee is passing along  
in his way to Concord. I'll be bound  
the soldiers will be dropping in; and  
they are ravenous creatures after a  
morn'g's march. Oddzooks! these

are dreadful days for a poor man to  
be cast in.

Betsy—I'm sure father, when the  
poor fellows are fighting for our lib-  
erty, you can't begrudge 'em a hearty  
dinner.

Farmer—No Betsy. I begrudge  
'em nothing that I can give them, so  
long as they march with Washington  
at their head. I lost my right arm  
fighting by his side—and if so be that  
my poor body should be deemed wor-  
thy to save his brave heart from a  
British bullet—why Betsy, I would  
risk it and trust you to the care  
of God, and him who has proved the  
father of his country and the poor  
man's friend. God bless him and all  
those who suffer for America. That  
ever the tears should come to my eyes  
when I think of laying down my in-  
worthy life for his.

Farmer goes out and soon after, Gen.  
Lee enters, looking like a man, du-  
rably officer.

Gen. Lee—The top of the morning  
to you, good woman. Can you give a  
soldier a draught of milk?

Betsy—Where may you be bound  
to-day?

Gen. Lee—Why truly, good woman  
this is a Yankee answer to my ques-  
tion—but if you let me have some of  
the savory dimer which is cooking  
over the fire, I will tell you where we  
are going and many stories about the  
Regulars beside.

Betsy—I'd give a draught of milk  
to any body that followed the striped  
flag; but for the matter of dimer,  
I'm choosing to keep that warm for  
General Lee.—They say he's like a  
brother to Washington, and I can  
tell you he shall take nobody's leav-  
ings.

Gen. Lee—This is right my girl;  
but if you give me a hot dimer, I  
promise you General Lee shall give  
you a hearty kiss for it.

Betsy—I should be sorry to have  
Gen. Lee hear such indecent discourse  
you'll answered soon. But if you  
want a dipper of milk, go and draw  
this pail of water.

Gen. Lee—It is light work to wait  
upon such a rosy cheeked daniel.—  
(Takes the pail and goes out.)

An officer rides up to the well.

Officer—Why General, you are  
really at home, waiting upon the far-  
mer.

Gen. Lee—Not quite so bad nei-  
ther.—It is his pretty daughter that  
makes me her servant. She is very  
anxious to see Gen. Lee. She says I  
shall not have one mouthful of dimer  
until he is served; nor could I obtain  
even a draught of milk, without earn-  
ing it by drawing a pail of water.

(Laughter.)

Officer—Now you see what it is,  
General, to wear a dirty threadbare  
coat. Who could know a man if he  
were covered with gold?

Gen. Lee—The girl is not to blame,  
sure enough; but wait here, a few mi-  
nutes until I have coax'd a dimer  
from her without letting her know  
that Gen. Lee is the beggar.

(Enters the cottage with a pail of  
water.)

Betsy—This is a pretty sort  
of work, sir, you have kept me wait-  
ing long enough to get six pails of water.  
Do you think I shall give you any  
thing to eat, lazy bodies?

(A soldier, throwing himself off a  
horse, enters almost breathless.)

Soldier, bowing—Gen. Lee, the  
Regulars are laid a mile below.—  
Hadn't the troops better be on horse?

Gen. Lee—Yes, yes,—to horse in-  
stantly, I'll join you.

Betsy, (deeply blushing) Is it Gen.  
Lee that I have been speaking such  
under-sewing words before? I wasn't  
no harty, your honour: for nobody  
could have guess'd you'd been a gen-  
eral.

Gen. Lee—Well, my pretty lass,  
this mistake has done no harm. I can-  
not stop to eat the dimer you have  
been saving so nicely for me; but I'll  
give you the kiss I promised, and  
with it a word of advice: If ever you  
are tempted to choose a husband for  
the sake of his handsome coat, re-  
member General Lee.

NEW DICTIONARY.

Jealousy—Tormenting yourself for  
fear you should be tormented by an-  
other.

Learning—Too often a knowledge  
of words and an ignorance of things;  
a mere act of memory which may be  
exercised without common sense.

Logic—A means of robbing our suc-  
cessors, for the purpose of destroying  
our contemporaries.

Logic—Substituting sound for sense,  
and perverting reason by reasoning.

Love—One who is devoted to ob-  
tain possession of another, has lost  
possession of himself.

Marriage—Taking a yokefellow who  
may lighten the burden of existence if  
you pull together, or render it insup-  
portable if you drag different ways.

Rhyme—A substitute for poetry,  
and an antithesis to reason.

Vanity—Another word for the whole  
fleeting pageant of human existence.

Farmer—Come Betsy, stir up the  
fire and keep the pot boiling, for there  
is word that Gen. Lee is passing along  
in his way to Concord. I'll be bound  
the soldiers will be dropping in; and  
they are ravenous creatures after a  
morn'g's march. Oddzooks! these

are dreadful days for a poor man to  
be cast in.

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poor fellows are fighting for our lib-  
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'em nothing that I can give them, so  
long as they march with Washington  
at their head. I lost my right arm  
fighting by his side—and if so be that  
my poor body should be deemed wor-  
thy to save his brave heart from a  
British bullet—why Betsy, I would  
risk it and trust you to the care  
of God, and him who has proved the  
father of his country and the poor  
man's friend. God bless him and all  
those who suffer for America. That  
ever the tears should come to my eyes  
when I think of laying down my in-  
worthy life for his.

Farmer goes out and soon after, Gen.  
Lee enters, looking like a man, du-  
rably officer.

Gen. Lee—The top of the morning  
to you, good woman. Can you give a  
soldier a draught of milk?

Betsy—Where may you be bound  
to-day?

## CRITICAL OBSERVER.

[NO. 1.]

"Take care! You're in Danger."

In my uncle Bartholomew's garden  
stood an old peach tree, which for sev-  
eral years had shaded an antiquated  
summer house in which he was wont  
to seclude himself from the rays of  
the mid-day sun. I generally accom-  
panied him, and while he was seclu-  
ded in his retreat, I either amused  
myself in the shade, or in clamber-  
ing from branch to branch of the nu-  
merous fruit trees which surrounded  
it. In the course of these freaks, I  
chanced to ascend the peach tree,  
which was in full view of my uncle,  
who happened not to notice my ex-  
cursion. "Dominic," exclaimed he in his  
usual concise way, "take care! you're  
in danger." but the advice was un-  
heeded. I was young, and as is usually  
the case, conceived myself infinitely  
wiser than my uncle, but scarcely had  
I ascended a foot higher, when the  
limbs rotten by age, gave way and I  
was precipitated to the bottom. Here,  
with a bruised head was I left to re-  
minate on my folly, as my uncle had  
left my retreat, and returned to the  
house. I soon however, rose, and made  
my way from the garden, filled with  
the most ineffable contempt for my  
own prescience, and with veneration  
to that of my uncle, whose advice I  
resolved to follow in future. Although  
my body was considerably the worse  
of the fall, yet I soon recovered, but  
firmly rooted in my breast was the  
lesson which I had so dearly learned  
and which even now, not only as it  
respects myself, but likewise the in-  
terests of others.

When I see a Politician, who has  
been favored by his friends with a  
lucrative and honorable office, and  
who, by a proper check upon his am-  
bition might have risen much higher,  
utterly discard his friends, and by the  
advice of corrupt and wicked coun-  
sellors, vainly attempts by intrigue  
and bribery, to advance himself to a  
more honorable and profitable station  
—then the catastrophe of the peach  
tree immediately comes across my  
mind, and I very good naturally wis-  
per in his ear, "Take care, by ascer-  
taining to climb a little higher, you're in  
danger of catching a fall."

When I observe a young man, of a  
good property, rushing into every vice  
and folly, driving madmen—frequent-  
ing card tables—visiting race courses—bet-  
ting, drinking and gambling—in short  
running the whole course of folly and  
dissipation; then in the very bitter-  
ness of sorrow, I cry unto him—  
"Take care! you're in great danger."

When I see a man who has been  
fortunate in made set up for a gentle-  
man—buy a fine house, fine furniture,  
and fine equipage—and look down upon  
old acquaintances, because they  
possess less of "the good things of the  
world" than himself, then, mark in  
sorrow than in anger, I cry unto him:  
"Take care! pride and riches may not  
always stand your friends, and then,  
depend upon it, you're in danger of  
being treated with the contempt you  
deserve."

When I observe a young damsel, of  
good figure, mind, and fortune, sur-  
rounded by a host of beaux—drinking  
in whole draughts of fulsome flattery—  
and feeling themselves with the ex-  
pectation of realizing at Hymen's al-  
tar, the fair one's estate to sport upon  
in after life—I whisper into her ear—  
"Take care my pretty girl! rely upon it  
you're in great danger."

From the S. School Visitant.

A CHILD'S NOTION OF IN-  
SPIRATION.

Just after entering the school a few  
sabbaths since, a little boy, about six  
years of age, came and asked me for  
the charity box. I asked him what he  
wanted with it?

"I want to put a cent into it," said  
the boy.

In order to examine his motives and  
his knowledge of divine things, I  
particularly, I asked him what good  
he supposed it would do to put his mo-  
ney into the charity box?

"I want to send it to the heathen,"  
he replied.

"Do you know," said I, "who the  
heathen are?"

"They are folks who have not got  
any Bible and live a great way off."

"What is the Bible?"

"The word of God."

"What use would it be to the hea-  
then if they had it?"

"It would tell them how to love God  
and be good."

"Where did the Bible come from?"

"From heaven."

"Was it written in heaven?"

"No—the prophets and good men  
wrote it."

"If good men wrote it, how then  
is it the word of God and come from  
heaven?"

"Why, the Holy Ghost told them  
how to write it."

"Did they see the Holy Ghost, and  
did he speak to them?"

"No—but he made them think it."

"This was enough. I presented him  
the charity box—he dropped in his

money—a smile of joy glowed upon  
his countenance—and he returned to  
his seat, filled with the luxury of  
doing good."

PARALLEL OF THE SEXES.

There is an admirable partition of  
qualities between the sexes, which the  
Great Author of being has distributed  
to each, with a wisdom which calls  
for all our admiration:

Man is strong—Woman is beauti-  
ful. Man is daring and confident—  
Woman is diffident and unassuming.

Man is great in action—Woman is  
suffering. Man shines abroad—Wo-  
man at home. Man talks to convince  
—Woman to persuade and please.

Man prevents misery—Woman re-  
lieves. Man has science—Woman has  
taste. Man has judgment—Woman  
sensitivity. Man is a being of justice—  
Woman of mercy.

OF HUMAN LIFE.

"We lash the ling'ring moments into  
speed,  
To hurry us into eternity."

Calculations have been made to as-  
certain the number of inhabitants on  
this Globe, and thence to deduce the  
number of those who die in any given  
time. The general computation stands  
thus:

In Asia 650 millions,  
In Africa 150  
In America 150  
In Europe 150

In all one thousand and four-score  
millions. If then we suppose, for the  
sake of a round number, that this  
Earth is inhabited by one thousand  
millions of human beings, and that  
thirty-three years make a generation;  
it follows, that in that space of time,  
there die out one thousand millions.

Then the number of deaths each year  
amounts to 30,000,000—each day, to  
82,000, and each hour to 3,416. This  
computation is under the truth, yet it  
shews us with what impetuosity the  
tide of human life goes out—how rap-  
idly out hours and minutes flee—and  
that our life is but a vapour which  
continues for a moment.

A Perpetual Weather Table.

BY DR. HIRSCHGEL.

The following table constructed by  
the celebrated Dr. Hirschgel, upon a  
philosophical consideration of the at-  
traction of the sun and moon in their  
several positions as to the earth, and  
confirmed by the experience of many  
years' actual observation, may, with-  
out doubt, suggest to the observer  
what kind of weather will probably  
follow the moon's entrance into any  
one of her quarters, and that so near  
the truth, that it will be very seldom  
found to fail.

If it be at Summer Winter

now or full moon, or the moon enters into the first or last quar-  
ter, you feeling themselves with the ex-  
pectation of realizing at Hymen's al-  
tar, the fair one's estate to sport upon  
in after life—I whisper into her ear—  
"Take care my pretty girl! rely upon it  
you're in great danger."

very rainy snow or rain

4 to 6 changeable fair and mild

6 to 8 fair if wind fair and frosty

8 to 10 if S or W rain or snow

10 to 12 if S or W if S or W

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# THE VILLAGE HERALD.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN S. ZIEBER, PRINCESS-ANNE, SOMERSET COUNTY, MARYLAND.

VOL. I.

TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1827.

NO. 6.

## Terms of Publication.

THE VILLAGE HERALD is published weekly at \$2.50, per annum, or at \$2 if sent by mail and subject to postage, in either case to be paid half yearly in advance. No subscription taken for a shorter period than six months; none discontinued (unless at the editor's discretion) until all arrearages are paid off; and a failure to notify a discontinuance will be invariably considered as a new engagement.

Advertisements, not exceeding a square, will be inserted three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each continuance; those exceeding a square in the same proportion.

Advertisements, if handed in by Monday night at 10 o'clock, shall appear in the paper next morning.

Persons advertising must limit the time of insertion, otherwise their advertisements will be continued and charged accordingly.

All communications addressed to the editor must come post paid.

The New-York and other papers of that vicinity contain reports of most ample success of the new mode to cure drunkenness—one person who had been a drunkard from his youth upwards, having been brought up by his father in the habit of drinking his quart per day, tipping during the evening, and dozing in the watch house all night, twice, last night, and often in its—such a person took the dose but once, and has ever since eschewed the intoxicating cup with as much care as he once applied himself to it. The medicine is said to be palatable, and is to be taken in the favourite liquor; the ingredients are not generally known.

## AMERICAN WINE.

The Brooklyn (New York) Star mentions that a gentleman near Utrecht, six miles from Brooklyn, has commenced the cultivation of eight acres of land, which are intended wholly for grape vines, the greater part of which are daily expected from France. Dr. Vandever, Flatbush, has also a fine little vineyard, from which he made, the last season, a quantity of very excellent wine.

The value of American manufactured cotton goods sold at Philadelphia, in a single year, it is stated, varies but little from four millions of dollars, and rapidly increasing, whereas in 1804, 5 and 6, the whole amount in the city was only \$17,670!

The Philadelphia umbrella manufactures supply nearly the whole demand of the domestic market, and export great quantities of ready-made umbrellas to the West Indies and S. America. One house in that city receives, occasionally, orders for ten thousand umbrellas at a time.

The trustees of the Roman Catholic Church of Rochester, N. Y. have advertised their pastor, the Reverend John McCormick as having eloped with a young woman, in violation of morality, of the obligations of his sacred office, and of all other ties which good men reverence.

Week before last a drove of cattle was driven to Mr. Harris Baxter's in Fishkill, N. Y. while there, an ox belonging to the drove, sickened and died, Mr. Baxter assisted in skinning it, in the course of which he cut one of his fingers slightly—shortly after Mr. B. was taken sick, and died with every appearance of having been poisoned. In the course of his illness he was seen by two respectable medical men, who had no doubt of his illness being occasioned by poison mingled into his system from the ox, then the wound on his finger. It is stated in confirmation of this opinion, that as many as a dozen ox bugs which ate of the carcass all died shortly after.

Despite not the most of mankind: a wasp may sting a lion.

## RISING SUN TAVERN.

THIS INN. Situated at the Village of Quantico, Somerset County, Md.

Formerly kept by George Malcolm, is now occupied by the subscriber, who has come to the determination to devote his attention entirely to those who may favour him with their custom.

The comforts and luxuries of life, essential to the full enjoyment of the traveller, such as clean chambers, attentive servants, and a table furnished with the best of the place and season at hand, shall at all times be ready to the refreshment of a guest.

Strangers visiting, and travellers passing through the village, as well as his more intimate acquaintance, are respectfully solicited to give him a call.

PETER B. DAVIS.

May 1st, 1827.

## SOMERSET HOTEL.

THE subscriber adopts this method to inform her friends and the public in general, that she has taken the House at Princess-Anne, lately occupied by Mr. John W. B. Parsons,

AS A TAVERN, CALLED THE

SOMERSET HOTEL.

Where she intends to carry on the same business in its various branches, and hopes that her attention and her exertions to please, will procure a share of public patronage.

MARY DASHIELL.

Princess-Anne, April 23.

## CORONER'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of *Venditioni Exponas*, at the suit of the Bank of Somerset, for the use of Littleton D. Teackle, for the use of James Montgomery against Charles Jones, issued out of the court of Appeals for the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and to be sold at public auction, at the Court-house door at Princess-Anne, on Tuesday the 22nd of May, instant, between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and six o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the following property, to wit:—A tract of land called *Green Pasture*, containing one hundred and fifty acres—also one hundred and fifty acres of land called *the commissioners books unknown*; also one negro man named *Hector*—one called *David*—one called *Town*—the goods and chattels, lands and tenements are situated and lying in Somerset County at present, and have been seized and taken to satisfy the claims, costs and charges in the said at mentioned and will be sold for that purpose.

HENRY LANKFORD, LEVIN DUKYAN, Coroners.

May 1, 1827.

## State of Maryland, &c.

Somerset County Orphans Court, April 10th, 1827.

On application of Leah Walston and James F. Kelly, administrators, w. a. of Thomas Walston, late of Somerset County, deceased, it is ordered, that they give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that the same be published once in each week, for three successive weeks in the Village Herald.

JAMES POLK, Reg'r. of Wills for Somerset County.

## Notice is hereby given,

That the subscribers of Somerset County, have obtained from the Orphans Court of said county, in Maryland, letters of administration with a copy of the will annexed, on the personal estate of Thomas Walston, late of Somerset County, deceased, all persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereunto, to the subscribers, on or before the first day of November, 1827, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said will and estate. Given under our hands this 27th day of April, 1827.

LEAH WALSTON, Adm'r. JAMES F. KELLY, Adm'r. May 1st, 1827.

## CONSTABLE'S SALE.

BY virtue of sundry writs of *Fieri Facias*, to me directed, by John H. Anderson and Isaac M. Adams, esqrs. will be exposed to public sale on Saturday the 19th day of May, instant, between the hours of one and two o'clock, P.M. at the Court-house door in the town of Princess-Anne, the following property, viz. the one fourth part of a tract of land called *“Allen’s Vale”*—one fourth part of *“Double Purchase”*—one fourth part of *“Elcheater”*—one horse, saddle and bridle—and one yoke of oxen. Seized as the property of William T. Polk, and taken in execution at the suits of William C. ton, William S. Corban, use of John S. Martin and Winder Cannon, and to be sold on the above named day, for cash, by SAM'L. McBRIDE, Const.

May 1st, 1827.

## NOTICE.

IN pursuance of a decree of Somerset County Court, sitting as a court of Chancery, the subscriber will sell at public sale to the highest and best bidder, at the Court-house door, in the town of Princess-Anne, on Wednesday the twenty-third of May, instant, the house and lot situated in said town of Princess-Anne, known by the name of the *“Somerset Hotel”*. The terms of sale will be, one half of the purchase money in hand—and for the other half a bond, with approved security, will be required, payable in 6 months. Upon the payment of the purchase money and ratification of sale by the Court, the Trustee will execute a deed to the purchaser.

E. K. WILSON, Trustee.

May 1st, 1827.

## THE ARIEL.

And Ladies' Literary Gazette.

THE first number of the *ARIEL* will be published on Saturday the 5th day of May next, and issued regularly every other Saturday thereafter. Each No. will contain eight large quarto pages, printed on fine paper, with entirely new type, and accompanied by beautiful and appropriate engravings, at the very low rate of one dollar per annum.

The *Ariel* is intended to be an agreeable and interesting companion for the Ladies, devoted to Literature and the Arts; containing a synopsis of all that is passing in the polite, fashionable and literary world, with a summary of news, Original Essays, choice Tales, select pieces of Poetry, sketches of female character, and other pleasing matter will occupy its pages.

No labour or expense will be spared to make it a cheap and valuable visitor in the hands of every literary lady. Measures have been taken to secure the best periodicals of the day, from which extracts, calculated to improve the female mind, will be freely taken. The Editors determined to make it acceptable to the Ladies: the uncommonly low price at which it is published, one Dollar yearly, must place it within every one's reach.

If sufficient patronage is extended, the *Ariel* will be issued weekly, at the end of three months.

One thousand names are already placed upon our subscription list, and additions are made daily. The subscription is payable in advance, and all letters must be post paid, and addressed to ELLIOTT WALKER, No. 71, Market-st. Philadelphia, who is Agent for the Editor.

Any person who will procure 5 subscribers, and remit the money, shall receive a copy gratis, for ever. Editors are politely requested to insert this a few times.

Subscription thankfully received at this office.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of *Fieri Facias*, to me directed, issued out of Somerset County Court, will be exposed to public sale, on Tuesday the 15th day of May next, at 3 o'clock, P. M., at the Court-house door, Princess-Anne, the following property, to wit:—Two horses, and two yoke of oxen.

Seized as the property of William Jones, defendant, and taken in execution at the suit of David Howard, use of Levi Catell, and to be sold, on the day aforesaid, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, by ROBERT STEWART, Sheriff.

April 24th, 1827.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of *Venditioni Exponas*, to me directed, issued out of Somerset County Court, will be exposed to public sale, on Tuesday the 15th day of May next, at 2 o'clock, P. M. at the Court-house door, Princess-Anne, the following property, to wit:—Two hundred and twenty-four acres of land, more or less, called *“Double Purchase”*.

Seized as the property of William B. Jones, defendant, and taken in execution at the suit of John King, use of Levin Ballard, sen. plaintiff, and to be sold, on the day aforesaid, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, by ROBERT STEWART, Sheriff.

April 24th, 1827.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of *Venditioni Exponas*, to me directed, issued out of Somerset County Court, will be exposed to public sale, on Tuesday the 15th day of May next, at 1 o'clock, P. M. at the Court-house door, Princess-Anne, the following property, to wit:—A house and lot, in the town of Princess-Anne, adjoining the Court-house lot; Also a right and title of one unimproved lot of land, on the east side of the road leading from the Poor-house to Princess-Anne.

Seized as the property of William Long, defendant, and taken in execution at the suit of James B. Robins, plaintiff, and to be sold, on the day aforesaid, to the highest and best bidder for cash, by ROBERT STEWART, Sheriff.

April 24th, 1827.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of *Venditioni Exponas*, also, by virtue of a writ of *Fieri Facias*, both issued out of Somerset County Court, and to me directed, at the suit of John Woolford and Josiah Johnson, against Levin Ballard, sen. John King, sen. Dr. L. W. Ballard and Samuel McBryde, w. l. be sold at the Court-house door, Princess-Anne, on Tuesday the 15th day of May next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following property, to wit:—One hundred and fifty acres of land, more or less, called *“More and Cusset”*; one negro man named *Charles*, the property of Levin Ballard, sen.—Also one sorrel mare; one horse and gig; and negro girl *Anna*—the property of Levin W. Ballard.

Seized and taken in execution at the suit of the above mentioned persons, and will be sold to the highest and best bidder for cash, to pay and satisfy the claims above mentioned, with interest and costs due thereon, and for county charges and officers' fees of the said Levin Ballard, sen. for the years 1825 and 1826.

ROBERT STEWART, Sheriff.

April 24th, 1827.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of *Fieri Facias*, to me directed, issued out of Somerset County Court, will be exposed to public sale, on Tuesday the 15th day of May next, at half past 3 o'clock, P. M. at the Court-house door, Princess-Anne, the following property, to wit:—Part of a tract of land called *“White Chapel”*, containing two hundred and sixty-three acres, more or less, and one yoke of oxen.

Seized as the property of George A. Porter, defendant, and taken in execution at the suit of Samuel Brown, executor of Stephen Doharoon, and to be sold, on the day aforesaid, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, by ROBERT STEWART, Sheriff.

April 24th, 1827.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of *Venditioni Exponas*, issued out of Somerset County Court, and to me directed, at the suit of John C. Wilson, sen. and the Bank of Somerset, and to be sold on the day aforesaid, to the highest bidder for cash, by ROBERT STEWART, Sheriff.

May 1st, 1827.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of sundry writs of *Venditioni Exponas*, issued out of Somerset County Court, and to me directed, at the suit of Jas. Phillips against Joshua Donohoe, will be sold at public sale on Thursday the 17th day of May, next, at the residence of the said Donohoe, at the hour of 10 o'clock, A. M. the following property, to wit:—One negro man named *Allen*, one do. *David*; also, part of a tract of land, called *“Awarth Purchase”*.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of the above mentioned Donohoe, and will be sold to the highest and best bidder, to pay and satisfy the above mentioned writs, with interest and costs.

ROBERT STEWART, Sheriff.

May 1st, 1827.

## SHERIFF'S SLAE.

BY virtue of sundry writs of *Venditioni Exponas*, issued out of Somerset County Court, and to me directed, the state of Maryland, use of Thomas Aires, administrator of Edward Aires, against Littleton Aires, Henry Hyland, and Samuel Robertson, the same use of Martha W. Aires, against the same, will be sold at public sale, on Wednesday the 18th instant, at White Haven, the following property, to wit:—one negro man *Dick*—one negro *Priscilla*—four mahogany tables, one secretary, and book-case, four head of cattle, a life estate in a house and lot at White Haven, the property of the said Littleton, one negro boy *Virgil*, one horse, gig and harness, the property of the said Henry, part of Noble Quarter, 90 acres; part of Ignoble Quarter, 100 acres; part of Mowfield, 25 acres; part of Bell-Air, one horse and gig, the property of the said Samuel and will be sold to the highest and best bidder, for cash, to pay and satisfy the above mentioned writs, with interest and costs accruing thereon—Sale to commence at the hour of 9 o'clock, A. M.

ROBERT STEWART, Sheriff.

May 1, 1827.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of *Venditioni Exponas*, issued out of Somerset County Court, and to me directed, at the suit of Richard Waller against John Anderson; also, by virtue of two writs of *Fieri Facias*, issued out of Somerset County Court, and to me directed, one at the suit of George Jones of Ball's, and one at the suit of John H. Norris against James Anderson, will be sold at public sale on Tuesday the 15th instant, at the Court-house door, the following property, to wit:—Part of a tract of land called *“Addison”*, containing 100 acres, more or less—5 head of horses and one yoke of oxen: Taken and will be sold to the highest and best bidder for cash, to pay and satisfy the above mentioned writs, and interest and costs—Sale to commence at the hour of 1 o'clock, P. M.

ROBERT STEWART, Sheriff.

May 1, 1827.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of sundry writs of *Venditioni Exponas*, to me directed, issued out of Somerset County Court, will be sold at public sale, on Thursday the 24th day of May instant, between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock, at the Court-house door in Princess-Anne, the following property, to wit:—The one half of a lot of land near the Presbyterian Meeting house, containing two acres, more or less—also the one fourth part of the lot of ground occupied (late) by Elisha White—also part of a tract of land called *“Hector”*, containing 311 acres, more or less—one negro man called *Lambert*—one do. *Littleton*—one boy *John*—one do. *Sally*—one woman *Annie*—one do. *Tamer*—one do. *Sally*—one do. *Sally*—one do. *Milcah*—one girl *Martha*—one do. *Harriet*—one do. *Caroline*—one do. *Leah*—one do. *Mary*—one horse and gig with harness—and 30 ounces of silver plate.

Seized as the property of John H. Anderson, and taken in execution at the suit of John C. Wilson, sen. and the Bank of Somerset, and to be sold on the day aforesaid, to the highest bidder for cash, by ROBERT STEWART, Sheriff.

May 1, 1827.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of sundry writs of *Fieri Facias*, issued out of Somerset County Court, and to me directed, at the suit of Jas. Phillips against Joshua Donohoe, will be sold at public sale on Thursday the 17th day of May, next, at the residence of the said Donohoe, at the hour of 10 o'clock, A. M. the following property, to wit:—One negro man named *Allen*, one do. *David*; also, part of a tract of land, called *“Awarth Purchase”*.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of the above mentioned Donohoe, and will be sold to the highest and best bidder, to pay and satisfy the above mentioned writs, with interest and costs.

ROBERT STEWART, Sheriff.

May 1st, 1827.

## AN APPRENTICE.

To the Printing business is wanted at this office. A lad about the age of 13 or 14 years would be preferred.

April 10, 1827.





## THE PARTERRE.

VARIETY instils into the mind a relish for the useful and the sweet.

Communicated for the Parterre.

Mr. ZIEBER—The annexed four verses are so excellent, and appropriate for the Season, that I am inclined to think, they will be read with delight: they are from Darwin's "Loves of the Plants." JULIA.

## ADDRESS TO MAY.

Born in yon blaze of orient sky,  
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold,  
Unclasp thy blue, voluptuous eye,  
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee, the fragrant zephyrs blow;  
For thee, descends the sunny shower;  
The rills, in softer murmurs, flow;  
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light graces dress in flow'ry wreaths,  
And tip-toe joys their hand combine,  
And love his sweet contagion breathes,  
And, laughing, dances round thy shrine.

When warm with new life, the glittering throngs,  
On quivering pin, and rustling wing  
Delightful join their votive song,  
And hail thee—Goddess of the Spring.

SELECTED FOR THE HERALD.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.

## THE VALE OF CHAMOY.

It was thus the delightful bard of Erin sung in the beautiful vale of Avoca; and when the genius of poetry scatters her sacred incense, in the maturity of its richness, over our sylvan scenery, some other minstrel will celebrate, in strains as sweet, the unexcelled beauties of the Vale of Chamoy, though, as yet, its green arbours are tenantless, its majestic larch-woods and lofty pines spread in a blue sky, unclouded by the smoke of cities, and its romantic shrubbery blooms uncultured. Thirty years ago, a rule log hut stood by the large moss-surrounded spring, from which the little rivulet that bears the valley name flows away towards the distant river; and a beautiful girl might have been seen among the solitary trees, sitting beside the clear and gentle water, watching its flow along the green banks, or earnestly gazing towards the west, as the declining sun sank down behind the lofty and overhanging hills. In the neatness and elegance of her attire; in the mild and gentle-gracefulness of her form and step, and more than all, in the pale but enchanting beauty of her features, of which a slight tinge of thought was blended with a thousand attractive charms; she remained one of the pictured fairy of some romantic tale, breathing out her soul in worship of the wild and splendid beauties of the forest scenery, by day, and the outspread firmament, glowing with its million stars by night.

But each returning night changed the aspect of the cottage scene, and added another inmate to its inhabitants. A tall and bald-headed man, clothed in a huntsman's garb, sat by the fire-side of that sweet girl, and listened with ecstasy to the soft voice with which she accompanied some lively air on her beloved harp; and while he looked upon her face, and held her little hand, a lover's rapture glowed along his brow, and his fine black eye kindled in a new animation and sparkled with new delight.

It was the cottage of Albert and Augusta. It was here, in this wild and retired and beautiful retreat, that they sought and found a refuge from the vindictive spirit of proud and relentless relatives, whose hearts, from the first, had been bent on the prevention of their union, and who, there was reason to believe, would not spare the power of their utmost might, in crushing the alliance forever. Theirs was the history of crossed, but persevering, adventurous, heroic love, from the abodes of mud and darkness, of civilization, they fled together, happier far in each other's love, surrounded by forests and mountains, than they could be separate, though feasting on all the heart could desire or the eye could wish.

Two summers passed away in the Valley of Chamoy, and every evening Albert was welcomed to his hut, by the gentle Augusta, and laid the choice tribute of mountain game at her feet. Again the warm spring suns had melted the snows from the hills, and the ice had been swept away from the gentle stream. The young couple looked forward to the summer with delight. Albert had purchased a considerable tract of land from a distant proprietor, which lay further down the brook, and was now contemplating its improvement. A neat little well, already rose before his fancy, and green fields, and fleecy flocks, and loving herds, were already present to his mind. He thought how much

sweeter would be the enjoyment Augusta's smiles afforded, when he could reflect he had restored to her some portion, however small, of those luxuries of which he had deprived her.

Full of the thought, he returned one evening from the arduous pursuit of game, and, passing on the hill-top, to hear the sound of his beloved one's harp, and view the smoke ascending from his rustic home, his heart beat with the utmost, the most unutterable attention, he could not hear the one or see the other. It was the first time his eye or ear had ever been disappointed; a new feeling trembled along his heart strings, and he hastened to the lonely habitation. It was lonely indeed. The few articles of household utensils lay scattered round as they had been in the morning, and Augusta's harp hung in its wonted place. But she was no longer there.

Horror took possession of Albert's soul—he called on the name of Augusta; the echoes, with their voices responded "Augusta." He searched the places of her favourite haunts, but not a trace was to be found. The sad reality burst upon him in its overwhelming force; he had not power to resolve or act, and, throwing himself on the bed, passed the night in such broken and disordered slumbers as the marine takes in the midst of a raging storm. Yet then, in his first extremity, he dreamed, amid his feverish sleep, that she came to him a lovely vision. He thought it was a day of midsummer, that a storm had just melted into sunshine, and Hope's sweet rain-lows spanned the valley where he stood. She was more beautiful than even in her happiest, youngest hours, he had seen her; the glow of health and pleasure sparkling on her cheek, and her lovely form, wrapped up in her white cymar, all edged with gold, and closed with a diamond clasp; she smiled upon him sweetly, and said—"Be of good cheer Albert, we have met to part no more." He arose, and taking her hand, left the beautiful Valley, and, after spending a year in her pursuit in vain, to divert the melancholy of his mind, set out on a foreign tour. After visiting Spain and Italy, he dwelt a season in the south of France. Near the village where he fixed his residence was an ancient cloister, situated in a valley, much resembling that he loved so much, and he felt, except that it was cultivated and adorned most richly. On the hill-top, above the cloister, he used to sit and play on Augusta's harp and sing her favorite airs. Often he observed one of the sisterhood steal into a little arched alcove, and listen to the music; he could not distinguish her face or form distinctly, but it was enough like Augusta's to afford his fancy room to picture new scenes of happiness.

At last he saw her no more—the bell tolled the note of death; he knew the rest. A small present gained the information he sought, but judge of his feelings when he learned that the departed sister was no other than Augusta! From his home she had been carried by her relatives, who had discovered her retreat; and, to perpetuate their disunion, she had been sent to France, and placed in this very convent, which she chose because of the similitude of the scene with that which was forever before her. Thither fate led her lover, permitting him to look upon each other before they died. In another year he was no more. And some faint ruins of the cottage in the Vale of Chamoy, alone perpetuate the story of their loves and their misfortunes.

## FOR THE VILLAGE HERALD. DEBATING SOCIETIES.

The supereminence advantages which have ever resulted from these institutions, demand the serious consideration of the rising generation. Debating Societies have ever been acknowledged, as the effectual means of expanding and enlarging the genius and talents of the literary youth. They have a peculiar tendency to expand the ideas, while they improve the mind by keeping it continually employed in searching for, and canvassing the several positions whereon to ground an argument, by narrowly observing and critiquing that of your opponent in order to confute and defeat it, or to rebut such as he may advance in opposition to yours. This, by being effected in the brief space of time occupied in your opponent's argument, naturally tends to create a fluency of speech and easy delivery, infinitely more pleasing than all the elaborate composition of a studied oration.

The science of *rethorice* is the most beautiful and sublime accomplishment of a literary character, particularly in a free and independent republic like ours, where the people are the sovereign power, government the creature of the will, and its ministers the servants of their pleasure. The right to express his sentiments is peculiar to each individual endowed with the faculties of reason and sense, and to express them with propriety and energy is to point a warning to all should aspire. Each individual in his turn may be called to a participation in the councils of his country. It therefore becomes his duty to en-

deavour to qualify himself for that station to which he may one day be called; that he may be enabled to perform his duty with honour to himself and benefit to his fellow citizens. Oratory was known and cultivated in the earliest ages of antiquity. The annals of ancient Greece, furnish us with abundant proofs of its intrinsic value and astonishing efficacy. When the arguments of a Pericles were able to sway the otherwise ungovernable passions of the infuriated populace. When Philip of Macedon acknowledged, that the speeches of Demosthenes were more destructive to him than all the force and arms of United Greece.—So great was the power of their eloquence, that they were looked up to in the greatest difficulties and dangers of their country, as its only advisers and supports. These are the models whom Grecian history transmitted to posterity and these are the characters whom fame has extolled to the skies. These and great variety of other instances which might be adduced, operate as a powerful stimulus to excite our emulation, and urge us on with determined zeal, if not to excel, at least to aim at their perfection.

## CEPHALUS.

FOR THE VILLAGE HERALD.

Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. —MAT. XI. 28.

In the above sentence is expressed that consummate mercy so conspicuously depicted in the divine character. Can he be a man of sensibility, who, while contemplating the ideas clothed in such beautiful, though simple language, never feels his soul swell with gratitude to the Author thereof? If mercy alone were the only attribute of the Almighty, he would deserve our utmost gratitude; but when we behold in him every good quality blended with the most lovely meekness and humility, in what a respectful manner ought we to address Him—with what zeal out we supplicate his mercy whose blood was shed for us. But alas! even the midnight moon, when silence prevails throughout a part of God's immense works, witnesses the commission of many a heinous crime, unseen by mortal eye, and the offenders comfort themselves with the idea that there are none to give information, regarding their deeds. How often, in the vast immensity of space and distinguishes the principle of the smallest atom in nature. If conscience pervade the breast, if the idea, "Though no present saw me, God saw," find way into the heart, every means is made use of to smother the disagreeable reflection. Although this depravity of the human heart, this burden which mankind labour under, is so enormous, yet the Eternal, in the most cheering language, indicative of the greatest concern for the human family, says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It is an idea that carries with it a degree of self-conviction, that mankind are so prone to pursue the paths which lead directly to the dreadful abyss of woe and sorrow, as it seems, by the variegated and sweet scented flowers that bloom on the right and on the left, and the *profundum* yawns horribly at their feet.—For eighteen centuries has the truth been promulgated to the world, and for even such a time has it been received by some as the most overt imposition. When Popery swayed the morals of men, when the peals of their stentorian voices resounded not only in the Cathedral, but in the court of Imperial Rome, reverberated throughout Continental Europe, it is not to be wondered at, that man in such a labyrinth of superstition and ignorance, should confound the true doctrine, with the most flagitious innovations that could be possibly introduced into pure hierarchy, especially when so completely deceived by those whose duty it was to guide them, like tender fathers in the path that leads to immortal glory. But when we take a retrospective view of the rise and progress of literature of the land of Christendom, and of the reformation, the date of which deserves to be one of the most memorable eras in the annals of theology, impressed with the asseveration of truth we exclaim, "Man is no longer deceived with false doctrine, and unless he be able to answer the interrogations of his Maker, when called into his presence, he must expect, to have his portion in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone." Where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

B. C. Springe, April 27.

An Answer for Scaptes, &c.

The late Bishop Horne, in some remarks upon the alleged contradictions of scripture, says:

"Pertness and ignorance may ask a question in three lines, which it will cost learning and ingenuity thirty pages to answer. When therefore the same question shall be triumphantly asked again the next year, as if nothing had ever been written on the subject. And as people in general, for

one reason or other, like short objections better than long answers in the mode of disputation, the odds must ever be against us; and we must be content with those of our friends who have honesty and erudition, and candour and patience, to study both sides of the question."

True religion does not consist in the explication of dark and intricate questions—nor in the elucidation of mysterious points in scholastic theology—nor in the repetition of creeds and prayers—but in the belief of the truth—the possession of its principles in the heart, and the practice of its precepts in the life. A man may be the strenuous asserter of doctrines and confessions, and still be only a bigot; but he that "visits the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and keeps himself unspecked from the world," must possess pure and undefiled religion. A disposition to discharge all the active and self-denying duties of Christianity, with promptitude, meekness, and fidelity, is conspicuously the best evidence of our gracious state.

## PRINCESS-ANNE, MD. TUESDAY, May 8, 1837.

The 3d number of the "Critical Observer," is unavoidably deferred till our next.

A friend presented to us, a few days since, several old newspapers, from one of which, namely, the "Maryland Journal," printed in Baltimore, Nov. 23, 1784, we copy the subsequent article, not merely for the amusement and instruction of our readers, but in order that this little history of the Rise and early Progress of Washington Academy, may fall into the hands of such as would be happy in perpetuating it.

A Brief Account of the Rise, Progress, and Present State of Washington Academy, in Somerset County, Maryland.

Published by order of the Trustees of said Academy.

The first rise of this Institution was in the year, 1767, when a several dissenting ministers of different religious persuasions impressed with the importance of the good education of youth, and the inconvenience of sending them abroad, determined to build a house, and obtain a suitable master. Agreeably to this, in the August of the same year, a small building was erected, and the school immediately opened, with eighteen scholars, the master and scholars being married and lodged together. The proprietors, too, at this time, no other view than the benefit of their own children; but it soon acquired such a degree of reputation, that the other parents applied, and so many children were admitted, as the buildings would contain. What contributed much to the credit of the school was an examination soon after held, and attended by a large number of people. At the request and expense of many of them, the building was enlarged, and the scholars in the year 1772, amounted to near 70. They came from Accomac, Northampton, Worcester, Dorchester, Talbot, Sussex, and from several Counties of the Western Shore of Maryland and Virginia. Teachers were provided, in proportion to the exigencies of the school, and besides the Latin and Greek languages, the Mathematics, Geography, the English Tongue, and Oratory were taught.

The numbers thus increased, for their better accommodation, the original promoters of the school, assisted by other lovers of science, in Dorchester, Worcester, Accomac, and Northampton, raised a large and convenient building, adjoining the former buildings. In this is a spacious hall, for prayers, sermon, and the public exhibitions of the students, and rooms sufficient to accommodate upwards of eighty. The enclosure, which a range of buildings stand, is planted with trees, and when grown, will form agreeable walks for the students, in those hours devoted to relaxation and amusement.

The rapid advances of the school were soon checked, by the war with Britain, and the patrons engaged in a different scene, as they were the friends of literature, so were they the steady opposers of tyrannical usurpation. Exposed to the ravages of the enemy and their assistance lent to establish the glorious system of independence, and equal freedom, the great business of education paused for awhile.

But when public affairs began to look more promising, the managers of the school, encouraged by the success and reputation of former years, applied to the General Assembly, and were incorporated in November 1779, by the name of "Trustees of Washington Academy."

Thus early was a Seminary of Learning dignified with the auspicious name of that illustrious Hero.

After this, the instruction of youth was revived, and the last summer, a subscription was opened and large sums obtained from this and the adjacent counties.—The amount of the subscriptions, at present, is upwards of five thousand pounds. Whenever they are completed the names of the subscribers, with the same annexed, shall be published to the world.

The funds it is expected, will be sufficiently adequate to the support of able teachers, and to the purchase of a mathematical and philosophical apparatus, as buildings, maps, globes, and a considerable library are already provided.

At present, the following persons are teachers in the Academy.

The Rev. William Linn, A. M. president, who teaches oratory and moral philosophy.

Archibald Walker, A. M. of the university of Glasgow, who teaches the mathematics and natural philosophy.

Joseph Miller, A. B. of the university of Philadelphia, who teaches geography and history.

These gentlemen also attend to the classes learning the Latin and Greek languages.

Very particular care is taken in forming the boys to pronounce the English Tongue; a matter of great importance in the pulpit and at the bar.

The strictest attention will be paid to their morals, and it is hoped that while they advance in sound literature, they will also be trained, by good example and admonition in the ways of virtue and religion.

No preference shall be shown to any particular religious denominations, nor any inducements offered to those attending the instructions, to change their religious opinions. This was one of the first resolutions made, respecting the seminary, and has been so invariably observed, that although more than 170 students have been already educated here, not a single instance is known of any one leaving the profession he originally belonged to.

The price of boarding, washing, &c. in the buildings of the academy, will be from eighteen to twenty pounds per annum. The tuition-money is six pounds, per annum.

Provisions and other necessities are so plentiful in the place, and so readily obtained, that it is thought, students can be no where more cheaply accommodated.

Somerset County, Nov. 6, 1784.

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VIBES with the veering wind;  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy.

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measured sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! but do not stay,  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

When Woodward first played Sir John Brute, Garrick was induced, from curiosity, or perhaps jealousy, to be present. A few days after, when they met, Woodward asked Garrick how he liked him in the part, adding, "I think I struck you some beautiful blow." "I think (said Garrick) that you struck out all the beauties in it."

The following curious anagram on Napoleon Bonaparte, is worthy of notice:

"Bona rapta pone Leno," which expresses, even to a letter—your rascal, lay down the stolen goods."

## An Epigram.

Jane to her spouse could not bestow  
One tear of sorrow when he died;  
His life had made so many flow,  
That all the briny fount was dried.

Lines written in a Lady's Prayer Book.

When death shall come to close the span  
Of life we've measured here,  
Oh! then it will be sweet to scan  
The past, without a tear.

When thy last solemn hour is nigh,  
And thy last sigh is given,  
May angels wait attendant by,  
To point thy way to heaven.

Says Dick to Jack, "Your neighbors say  
You wrangle with your wife each day;  
'Poh, Poh, (says Jack,) they only joke,  
'Tis now a fortnight since we spoke."

## THE HAPPY PAIR.

It is gently he a virtue, whoever is not virtuous loses his title, and if it is not a virtue 'tis a trifle.

If you will secure a contented spirit, it you must measure your desires by your fortune and condition; not your fortune by your desires.

Women are like books; malice and envy will easily lead you to a detection of their faults; but their beauties good judgment only can discover, and good nature relish.

May 15



TRUTH WITHOUT RESERVE—JUSTICE WITHOUT PARTIALITY.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN S. ZIEBER, PRINCESS ANNE, SOMERSET COUNTY, MARYLAND.

**TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1827.**

### Terms of Publication.

Advertisements, not exceeding a square, will be inserted three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each continuance: those exceeding a square in the same proportion.

Advertisements, if handed in by Monday night at 10 o'clock, shall appear in the paper next morning.

LIBERAL AND ARBITRARY  
GOVERNMENTS.

**80-1**     **11-1**     **12-1**     **13-1**     **14-1**

of busy, proud, and wealthy men, governed and deflected almost without either armies or taxes and finally, as if in mockery of the idle fears and vain pretences of the adversaries of this system, the whole movement going on in uninterrupted tranquility, while, at the same time, the empires which are ruled upon the opposite principles, and whose professed object, and only supposed advantage, is tranquility, are constantly convulsed with revolutions, and given up forever to the standing curses of foreign and domestic war.

Catholic Germany, though moving in our order secondary to the great military power of the continent, are yet governed, as respect internal affairs, on a better system, commonly called

the mixed or intermediate one, and which is also established in the British empire, or at least that part of it (not, however, the whole), which is not subject to the British Constitution.

This intermediate system exhibits the principle of liberty and that of despotism or arbitrary power, co-operating together, and forming a despotic mastery, within the compass of the same body politic. Institutions of this description have found, like those of despotism, their apologists and even their advocates, and have been established by men of high discernment, under the name of mixed governments, as the most finished products of political wisdom. In reality they are a mixture of the two, a master state of society than that which exists of necessity in despotic governments, they may perhaps, when considered in the abstract, be fairly ranked between the two, but they are not so speak more properly, they should be described, not as a distinct class of governments, having a separate principle of their own, like as a sort of intermediate form of government, but as a simple form of government to the other. This is the light under which they are now viewed by some of the most intelligent European writers, as we shall see in the next chapter, and we find in fact, that, in all the countries in which we see them established, they have been the effect of accidental circumstances, which have produced them, and which have encouraged its growth, in a soil before appropriated to despotism. If this notion of the system be correct, it would seem that it can hardly be in any case a permanent one, and that the occupant becomes strong enough to display his character, a struggle must ensue between the two pretenders to the mastery, which though it may enervate the one, and strengthen the other, must apparently terminate in the conquest of one by the other.

The intervening epoch of confusion and collision is the one, through which the constitutional monarchies of Europe appear to be now passing; and the incongruous forms of legislation and administration, naturally produced by

The most extraordinary of the cas-

The most extraordinary of the curiosities of Little Tartary is the Land

of Moscow, which grows between the two great rivers, the Don and the Wolga. This plant is remarkable for possessing a great portion of the animated nature. It is for this reason called the Animal Plant; as also Zoophytes; and in the Russian language *Ponoret*.

The fruit is of the size of a gooseberry or melon; it has the figure of a zucchini, all the limbs of which are discoverable. It is fastened to the earth by a pedicel, which is not very long. It always leans toward the grass and plants that grow round it, and changes its place as much as the stump will suffer. When the fruit comes to maturity, it is covered with a skin of a yellowish green color, with a heavy skin fissured, like that of a lamb just landed, and this skin serves as a fur to defend it from the cold. It is further observed that this skin is very thick and tough, and that the bud grass is nourished. The fruit yell is a juice like blood when it is taken from the stalk, and has the taste of mutton. The yell is as good as this. Muscovites make use of it in order to surpass those animals.

The following interesting facts are selected from Professor Silliman's American Journal of Arts and Sciences:

Linen, muslin, paper, wood, straw, &c. may be rendered unflammable by being dipped in phosphate of ammonia or acidulous phosphate of lime. Clothes, valuable documents, pamphlets, roofs, awnings, &c. exposed to fire, may thus be rendered less liable to destruction.

An electrical shock may be received from a cat, by placing the left hand under the animal's throat, slightly pressing the bones of the shoulder, and then gently passing the right hand down the back.

The line of a silk-worm measured 404 yards, and weighed, when dry, only 8 grains. A pound would reach 385 miles; and 47 pounds would go round the world.

Fish may be preserved dry and fresh with sugar alone, by applying it inside to the muscular part, and hanging the fish two or three days, till it has penetrated. A table-spoonful of brown sugar will be sufficient for a

Fine sand has been observed 300 miles from the coast of Africa, after having been carried that distance by the wind.

A young woman in gala, whose

A young woman in gala, whose hair was stiffened almost to the consistency of stucco, with powder and rouge, and a necklace of pearls or lace or pearls, decorated with a profusion of artificial flowers, and with a large nose-gay of spray and artificial flowers in her bosom, and a look in her eyes, and turning her toes, most abominably, passed in the most stately manner up the street, preceded by three girls in mob caps, decorated with ribbons, silver and gold ornaments, and red roses, and a book in her hand, and followed by two old women, huddling hocks also.

The fairer women of this singular group were known to the Gloucester and London bourgeoisie as the "ladies of the bagging markets of their absence." The old and the young peeped out of the doors and windows as they passed, and the young women, with their long hair, and their eyes, and their nose-gay, and their public on the main stage day!

The following challenge, promulgated in London, is given by a gentleman, who is said to have been things—his conversion from the Jewish belief, a mission to Palestine, and his espousal of Lady Georgiana Walspole:

*Theological Warfare*.—I, undersigned, challenge hereunto, with the Right Rev. Doctor Paynter, Titular Roman Catholic Bishop of London, all the Roman Catholic Priests, and all the persons scattered throughout England, who are members of the Managers of Freemasons' Hall, for the purpose of discussing the doctrines of Popery, Judaism, Hinduism, Paganism, and Systems of Idolatry, at a dawnlight hour! In case that Dr. Paynter and the rest of the Priests and Jesuits are inclined to meet me I beg them to let me know by the middle of

JOSEPH WOLF.

Formulas 2 and 3 refer to the infant's behavior.

Bank of the U. S. and Branches par

MARYLAND.	
Baltimore Banks	par
Annapolis	par
Easton	par
Frederick	par
Frederick County Bank	par
Bank Westminster	par
Hager's Town	par
Planters Bk. P. G. Co	par
Elkton	1

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA	
Bank of Columbia	20
Formers and Mechanics Bank of Georgetown	par
Union Bank Georgetown	par
Bank of Washington	par
Bank of the Metropolis	par
Patriotic Bank	par
Bank of Alexandria	par
Formers' Bank of Alexandria	par

Bank of Potomack	par
Mechanics' Bank of Alexandria	par
VIRGINIA.	
Bank of Virginia & Branches	par
Farmers' Bank of Virginia	
and Branches	par
Bank of the Valley at Winchester	par
Do at Charlestown	par
Do at Leesburg	par
Do at Romney	4

Lynchburg Branches	3
Western Bank of Virginia at Winchester	34
DELAWARE	
Bank of Delaware	3
Farmer's Bank	3
Wilmington & Brandywine	3
Commercial Bank of Smyrna	3

Branch Bank of Milford	1
NORTH-CAROLINA	
Newbern Bank	3
Cape Fear Bank	3
State Bank and Branches	3
PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia City Banks	part
York Bank	part
Carlisle Bank	part

Chambersburg Bank	par
Gettysburg Bank	par
Lancaster Bank	1
Harrisburg Bank	1
Chester County Bank	1
Germantown Bank	1
Reading Bank	1

Farmers' Bank of Lancaster	3
NEW-YORK	
City Banks	part
Albany Banks	1
SOUTH-CAROLINA	
Charleston Banks	2
GEORGIA	
Bank of Savannah	2a
Bank of Darien	3

RV ratios of secondary roots of *E. u.*

BY virtue of sundry writs of *Faciatis eandem*, &c. bearing date the 20<sup>th</sup> day of Somerset county court will be held at public sale, on Thursday the 24<sup>th</sup> day of May instant, between the hours of 8 and 9 o'clock, at the Court-house door in Princess-Anne, the following property, to-wit: The one half of the lot called the Public-Place Meeting-house, containing two acres, more or less—also the one eleventh part of the lot of ground occupied [lately] by Eliza Whitelock—a tract of land called *Phebus*, containing three acres, less one acre negro man called Lankster—one do. Littleton—one boy John—one Sally—one woman Anna—one do. Famer—one do. Sally—one do. Sally—one do. Milcrah—one girl Maria—one do. Mary—one do. Mary—one do. Leah—one do. Mary—one horse—and gig with harness—and 36 pounds of silver plate.

Seized as the property of John H. Anderson, and taken in execution at the suit of John C. Wilson, sen; and the Bank of Somerset, and to be sold on the day aforesaid, to the highest bidder for cash, by  
ROBT. STEWART, Sheriff.  
May 1, 1827. kl

## NOTICE.

IN pursuance of a decree of Somerset County Court, sitting as a court of Chancery, the subscriber will sell at public sale to the highest and best bidder, at the Court-house door, in the town of Princess-Anne, on Wed-

Today the twenty-third of May, instead, the house and lot situated in said town of Priceess-Anne, known by the name of the "Somerset Hotel,"—The terms of sale will be, one-half of the purchase money in hand—and for the other half a bond, with approved security, will be required, payable in 6 months, with interest from the day of sale.

Upon the payment of the purchase-money and ratification of sale by the Court, the Trustee will execute a deed to the purchaser.  
E. K. WILSON, Trustee.  
May 1st, 1897.

*Journal of the American Library Association*

THE first number of the ARIEL will be published on Saturday the 30. day of May next, and issued regularly every other Saturday thereafter. Each No. will contain eight large quarto pages, printed on fine paper, with entirely new type, and occasionally embellished with beautiful and appropriate engravings, at the very low rate of one dollar *per annum*.

The *Abrid* is intended to be an agreeable and interesting companion for the *Ladies*, devoted to Literature and the Arts, containing a synopsis of all that is passing in the polite, the fashionable and the literary world, with a summary of news. Original Essays, choice Tales, select pieces of Poetry, sketches of female character and other pleasing matter will occupy its pages.

No labour or expense will be spared to make it a cheap and valuable addition to the hands of every literary lady. Measures have been taken to secure the best periodicals of the day, from which extracts, calculated to improve the female mind, will be freely taken. The Editor is determined to make it acceptable to the Ladies; the uncommonly low price at which it is

One thousand names are already placed upon our subscription list, and additions are made daily. The sub-

Any person who will procure 6 subscribers, and remit the money, shall receive a copy gratis, for one year.

✱ Subscription thankfully received at this office.

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Thankfully received and neatly printed,  
on moderate terms,  
At the Office of the Village Herald





# THE VILLAGE HERALD

Princess Anne, Md.  
TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1837.

To Correspondents.

"H—" shall be attended to in our next.  
"Cephalus" was received too late for the present number, but shall appear in the columns of our next.

We are obliged to inform the correspondent who requests us to commit his MS. to the flames, that his piece is so pointed in its application, and such sharp ridicule pervades the whole of it, that with all the respect we bear him, we must decline its publication.

Several communications are on file, which must remain there till a more appropriate season.

We this day issue our eighth number. To our patrons we indiscriminately tender our unfeigned thanks, for the liberal patronage which, for the short time we have been among them, has been bestowed upon our paper. Our industry will keep pace with this liberality; and our efforts will be unceasing to render the Herald worthy of it. Therefore, having a desire to extend the circulation of our paper, and to enlarge it when practicable, we are induced to suggest to our friends, the propriety of assisting our efforts, in an augmentation to our present list of subscribers.

We are authorized to state that LUTHER DENNIS TRICKLE, Esq., is a Candidate for the next Legislature of Maryland.

We are authorized to state that BENJAMIN L. JONES, Esq., is a Candidate for the next Legislature of Maryland.

Appointments by the Executive of Md. May, 1837.

George Dashiell, Colonel of the 23d Regiment, M. M. Somerset County.

George A. Dashiell, Lieutenant Colonel of do.

Robert Stewart, Major of do.

William Waters, of Wm., Jacob W. Day and Theodore G. Dashiell, Justices of the Peace for Somerset County.

John P. Lankford, Coroner for Somerset, vice, Coulbourne, resigned.

The Court of Worcester adjourned on Wednesday last, the 16th inst. We understand that negro Robert, who was charged with the murder of his master, Caleb Hudson, was convicted and sentenced to be hung.

Arrested Extraordinary.—Mrs. Minty Graham was lately tried at Hagerstown, Md. on an indictment as a common scold. After a tedious examination of numerous witnesses and a zealous prosecution and elaborate defence, by able counsel, the jury retired, and soon returned with a verdict of *Not Guilty*. It satisfactorily appeared in evidence, that she was an innocent scold.

Look out for Counterfeiters!—We are informed that two men were arrested near Cricklin town, Montgomery county, in this state, on suspicion of passing counterfeit bank notes, purporting to be of the Marine Bank of Baltimore, knowing them to be counterfeit. After an examination of the evidence by a Justice, they were committed to jail for their trial. On the 8th inst., application was made by their counsel to Judge Kilgour for the writ of Habeas Corpus, which was granted, and, on a hearing by the Judge of the evidence upon which they were committed, they were remanded to prison to await their trial at November term next. On the 11th inst. they broke jail and made their escape. One of the men is named George Shaffer, the other John Brown.

Miss Louisa Thayer, of Montross county, Pa. obtained a writ of \$1500 against J. C. Blake, for slander.

We learn that the Steam Saw Mill near Vienna, on the Nantuxee river, was consumed by fire, on the evening of Tuesday last. The amount insured is estimated at \$10,000.

The Reading, Pa. Chronicle informs us that on the 12th inst., a dreadful fire took place at Stampstown, in Lebanon county. Upwards of twenty of the best buildings, (nearly the whole town,) were consumed! And, readers, how do you think this calamity was produced? By a boy's shooting at blackbirds which were sitting on the roof of a barn!

Chesapeake and Delaware Canal. This magnificent structure, is nearly finished from Delaware City to St. George's, a distance of four miles through the marshes, which presented the greatest difficulty to its completion. The contractors expect to carry the Managers in a sloop through this part of the Canal on the 28th inst.

COLOMBIA.—By letters rec'd. at Philadelphia, from La Guayra, of 14th ult. we learn that, at Bogota there has been an occurrence—of a not a revolution—some most decided manifestations of opposition to the measures of Bolivar. Meantime very strict measures are taken by Bolivar, to prevent insubordination in Colombia. A proclamation was received on the 14th of April in La Guayra, requiring all foreigners arriving in that country, to behave themselves, and in case of any infraction of the laws, authorizing the Governor of the Province where they landed, to order them forthwith out of the country. Another order prohibits death, to any one who may speak ill of the existing government.

The New York American, thinks these indications of apprehensive and suspicious despotism, when connected with previous accounts of the revolutions in Peru, and the overthrow of the Bolivian constitution, cannot but awaken the liveliest solicitude of the lovers of freedom, for the fate of the new republics of the South.

LA PLATA.—The ship Moss arrived in the Delaware, in a passage of 51 days from Montevideo, whence she sailed on the 23d of March, bringing intelligence that Admiral Brown had succeeded in capturing the whole of the Brazilian squadron in the whole of Uruguay. He then descended with his vessels to Buenos Ayres, and immediately made an attack upon the Brazilian blockading squadron in the Outer Roads, which he forced to retire and seek protection from one of the frigates, lying some distance below. A Brazilian brig, of 12 guns, was blown up, and every soul on board perished. The latest dates from Montevideo were to the 15th of March, at which time Brown was engaged in fighting on his vessels with the greatest activity, with the intention, it was generally believed, of making an attack on the blockading squadron. The general battle which took place in the Province of Rio Grande, in February, between the Buenos Ayres and Brazilian armies, resulted in the achievement of a complete victory over the latter. Nine Brazilian standards had been transmitted to Buenos Ayres by General Alvear, as the trophies of his victory—a large number of prisoners were taken, and twelve hundred of the Brazilian army were left dead on the field.

Extract of a late letter from Doctor Howe, to a gentleman in the vicinity of Boston.

The appearance of our squadron in the Archipelago, impressed upon the people a high idea of our navy. The Greeks speak in raptures of the North Carolina. Some old Hydrote sailors, speaking of her, said, "we never knew what a ship was, before we went on board of her, and we have seen the ships of every nation in the world." What ever may have been the policy of government, in sending so large a force to the Mediterranean, it has had at least the effect to heighten the reputation of our country in Europe. I see much of naval officers of all nations, and can say that where our officers are best known, they are most esteemed. I remember, the other day to have heard some British officers, of the "Vindictive," say, "it was a great pleasure to tell the truth and shame the Devil. I see nothing in the Yankee ships or men, inferior to ours. Then they are really gentlemen! Strange as it may appear, if I had not known them to be Jonathan's, I should have taken them for John Bull's!"

Harrisburg, May 12.

The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Pennsylvania, held their annual meeting at this place, during the present week.

Also, on the same day, at the same place, was the election of an Assistant Bishop for the diocese of Pennsylvania, which resulted in the choice of the Reverend Henry O. Underhill, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

It may not be inexpressed to inform our readers, that the act explaining the law relating to clandestine removals is now in operation.

"All removals of personal property, owned by any tenants, and removed by said tenant, or by his or her order, and directed, from the premises occupied by said tenant, and for the occupation of which rent shall be due, or about to become due, if the said property be removed as aforesaid, within thirty days before the removal, shall not become due, the said removal, whether by day or night, shall be considered a clandestine removal, and the property so removed, shall be liable to be followed and distrained, in the same manner as if it were found on the premises rented and occupied by such tenant, within the time limited for distraining for rent due. Provided, that such removal shall not have been sold to a bona fide purchaser without notice, or taken in execution."

A person employed as a runner in the U. S. Bank, at Philadelphia, was detected a week in defrauding that institution of the sum of two thousand dollars. His measures were taken so subtly that the money was in two or three thousand dollars of Mr. Girard's savings. He had not paid the money, but he had secured it in a large can can be passed through them both. Her face is also sadly disfigured, exhibiting a melancholy spectacle, and various parts of her body show that her situation indicated the extreme of misery and suffering. She was first afflicted at 12 years of age. She is now about 28 or 30. All medicines failed to cure until Swamp's Pains Expeller was used, which completely dried up her ulcers and healed her disease.

The famous *Lorezo Doe*, arrived at Tusculum, Alabama, on the 16th inst. where he preached to a crowded concourse of the citizens.

Loss of a Steamboat.—The New Orleans papers of the 21st of April state, that the steamer *Albatross*, which had just been destroyed by fire, with all her furniture, on the above morning. No other damage of consequence was sustained.

The wife of the Marquis of Chaves, the Portuguese rebel leader, is quite a heroine. She is captain of a troop of cavalry.

In all directions the public attention is called to this great project—the following we copy from the *Tusculum*, Alabama, Patriot of April 21. The editor says:—

The establishment of this Railroad must inevitably make Baltimore, at a distance from the greatest commercial city in the United States. The western country generally, is deeply concerned in this project as by its accomplishment, a new and convenient market is opened to the West for its agricultural products. The transportation of the city of Baltimore did not seem to extend further than the acquisition of the trade of that portion of the United States which lies contiguous to the Ohio River, but it appears to us entirely reasonable to conjecture that it will obtain a large portion of the trade of Tennessee and Alabama. For the planters of these states will then be enabled to transport their cotton to the City of Baltimore, at less expense and a greatly inferior risk than that which attends shipment to New Orleans; and we shall be delivered from those baneful effects which have been hitherto experienced from a complete monopoly of our trade by the Louisiana market. Our planters may rationally expect to receive in Baltimore, from a point so near, and half past one more for their Cotton than they will be able to get at New Orleans.

But the Baltimore market will not alone be opened to us. By means of the proposed line, we shall be enabled to carry our cotton to Philadelphia, where we shall have easy access to New York by the Delaware and Hudson Canal, and thence to the great Eastern market. It should not be forgotten either, that this important trade will be carried on entirely through domestic channels. The terrifying dangers of the ocean, and the hazards to which this important branch of commerce has been hitherto exposed, in time of war, will be all avoided; and the Western and Southern country will be bound by the firm ligament of community of interest to the Northern and Eastern.

We feel additional interest in the construction of this Railroad, as a part of the population of Tusculum—This town is situated immediately at the foot of the Muscle Shoals, and in the arms of the Alabama river, for all the Cotton of the upper country destined to seek conveyance along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. At the present time, almost all the Cotton of the Northern country, for the state is transported in flatboats to St. Orleans. But, when the Railroad is ready for use, and the great northern markets are thrown open to receive trade, it is plain to discover that the upper country planters will, as a matter of course deposit their cotton here for shipment in Steam Boats, for the difficulties experienced in flat boat navigation upon the Ohio river, will occasion planters to give a decided preference to the employment of steam boats. If these agreeable anticipations should be realized, Tusculum will, with its present advantages, be decidedly the most important town in North Alabama.

## PRESIDENTIAL MEETINGS.

On Saturday the 12th inst., a numerous and highly respectable meeting, of the friends of the Administration, convened at Butler's tavern, in the 1st Election District of Anne Arundel county.

A large meeting of the friends of General Jackson, was held on the 12th inst., at the Court-house, at Centerville.

Also, on the same day, at the same place as above, a large meeting of the friends of Anne's country was held, friendly to the present Administration.

A friendly meeting of persons friendly to the elevation of Jackson to the presidential chair, was held at the Court-house, at Orvilleburg, Pa. A Jackson meeting was held on the 2nd inst., at Georgetown Roads, in Kent county, Md.

From the Philadelphia Religious Messenger of Thursday last.

We have just returned from a visit to a woman by the name of Nancy Linton, who at present lodges at 316 Market street. Our visit was made in consequence of a statement respecting an extraordinary cure performed on her through the *Pain Expeller*. This cure was performed on her by Mr. Strain. Never did we behold so pitiable an object—one on whom disease had made such an inroad, without producing death. The disease with which Miss Linton was so severely afflicted was the *arthritis*, or what is commonly called, the king's evil. Her face, extremities, and various parts of her system, exhibited the most distressing marks of the ravages of this morbid disease. Her limbs are drawn up so as to form an angle of 45 degrees, from them the sinews are nearly all destroyed, the sinews holding them in that position in a manner that a large can can be passed through them both. Her face is also sadly disfigured, exhibiting a melancholy spectacle, and various parts of her body show that her situation indicated the extreme of misery and suffering. She was first afflicted at 12 years of age. She is now about 28 or 30. All medicines failed to cure until Swamp's Pains Expeller was used, which completely dried up her ulcers and healed her disease.

There is something that thrills through the heart, this to see a whole people rising up simultaneously, and giving their hands, their hearts, and their fortunes to such an undertaking, not calculated to enrich herself merely, but to extend the countless blessings of an easy distribution of the comforts of life to thousands not deserving them. Pyramids, statues, museums, palaces, and all the mere pride and pomp of man, sink to insignificance before such a work as this.

Some weeks elapsed after the Prince of Seravady arrived in the latter provinces, before the astrologers in their train could fix upon a propitious day for attacking our position. At length intelligence was received, that the prisoners were taken, that the first lucky moon, as they styled it, would occur on the 30th and 31st of August, and that a body of the King's Invulnerables had been promised to the cause.

On these nights, that the Prince and the pious men who accompanied them might celebrate the annual festival in that sacred place.

At midnight, on the 30th, the attempt was accordingly made, the Invulnerables, armed with swords and muskets, rushing in a compact body from the jungle, and in our front, retreating in a steady order, skirmishing with the head of the advancing column, until it reached the summit of which the troops were drawn out, silently awaiting the approach of the Invulnerables, whose numbers in the darkness of the night (the moon having set previous to the commencement of the attack) could only be guessed at, by the noise and clamor of their thavats and imprecations upon the impious strangers.

They were met by a body of our troops, who, having been previously informed of the approach of the Invulnerables, were drawn out in a line, and awaited the attack.

The match was lighted, and the Invulnerables, who were drawn out in a line, and awaited the attack, were met by a body of our troops, who, having been previously informed of the approach of the Invulnerables, were drawn out in a line, and awaited the attack.

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From a narrative of the Burmese war which has lately happily terminated, we extract an account of an attack on the English forces. This attack was planned with great circumspection; and the Burmese, who were sent to this occasion, were the king's invulnerables, as they are called, were sent for, and the result which follows is very interesting as it gives us a full view of Burmese superstition.

"To inspire confidence among the people, and to keep the generals and chiefs strictly to their duty, the Prince of Seravady, who was sent to the King, were ordered down from Ava, to superintend the operations of the war."

"The first established his head, and the latter at the latter at Donkoo-bwe, upon the great river, about sixty miles from Rangoon, which had been fortified as a post of reserve and deposit."

"The Grecoen women who fancied themselves strong enough to brave the fatigue and danger of the sort, dressed themselves in the clothes of men, and when they were unable to escape the enemy, they might be mistaken for soldiers, and put to death instantly. Many of the young women, however, were not so easily deceived, and such as were convicted of misconduct in the field, and promising liberal rewards and honors to all who might distinguish themselves in attacking the enemy. They bought, however, their intention of surrounding the British force, ordered the river in our rear to be blocked up; and to insure success, these desperate warriors came accompanied by numerous astrologers, who were to fix upon the most favorable periods for carrying out their plans into effect."

"Another mode of proceeding, which was also adopted, was to divide into two parts: those who remained in expectation of the enemy, and those who were on the point of raising forth to vengeance and to new dangers. The hardest warriors were subordinated to the latter, and the latter were subordinated to the former."

"The Turks suddenly attacked the town, and laid themselves in Christian blood. The scene that followed was hideous. But one voice was heard among the despairing warriors. 'To the wall! to the wall!' they cried, and they first threw their children. But the walls at length became full and it was a long way from the ramparts to the foot of the wall, which was so fully prepared for the purpose of death. The conquerors, anxious for slaves, followed close and soon forced the free themselves by throwing themselves on the naked sword of the Arabs: others plunged into the flames of the burning houses; twelve hundred, who had discovered no way of destroying their selves, fell to the hands of the enemy. The attention of the conquerors was soon drawn to the powder magazine. The size and solidity of the building insured them the success of the wealth of the inhabitants had been there deposited. It contained, however, only women and children, and Capsuls one of the prisoners of the town, who, having voluntarily refused to accompany the garrison in their projected sortie, conducted to the powder magazine, a crowd of women and children, saying, 'Come along, I will myself set fire to it.' They went on, and they had no putting to apprehend; the grave was about to unite them forever. The mothers then pressed their infants to their breasts, relying on Capsuls in the meanwhile, the enemy crowded round their asylums, some attempted to break open the doors; some to enter by the windows; some climbed to the roofs, and endeavored to demolish it. At length, Capsuls, perceiving that a vast number had assembled, uttered a brief prayer, familiar to the Greeks: 'Lord, remember me!' and applied the match. The explosion was so great, that the neighboring houses were thrown down, large chasms were produced in the earth, and the sea moved from its bed, inundating a part of the town. Two thousand men and women were blown up with Capsuls. Such was the catastrophe of this terrible drama!"

"A most surprising and dreadful occurrence lately took place in one of the provinces of France. A counter-fitter, who had been condemned to be hung, made his escape on the way to the gallows, and took refuge in a hospital. After a search he was found, as was thought, disguised. He was carried off, uttering no syllable, but gratulating vehemently and executed. It was shortly afterwards discovered that the offender had been a man, who had resided long in the hospital. The real criminal was recommended to the royal clemency."

History of the Siege of Missolonghi, has been published at Paris, by M. Auguste Fabre. It contains a number of most interesting details with respect to the royal clemency.

From a narrative of the Burmese war which has lately happily terminated, we extract an account of an attack on the English forces. This attack was planned with great circumspection; and the Burmese, who were sent to this occasion, were the king's invulnerables, as they are called, were sent for, and the result which follows is very interesting as it gives us a full view of Burmese superstition.

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"The Turks suddenly attacked the town, and laid themselves in Christian blood. The scene that followed was hideous. But one voice was heard among the despairing warriors. 'To the wall! to the wall!' they cried, and they first threw their children. But the walls at length became full and it was a long way from the ramparts to the foot of the wall, which was so fully prepared for the purpose of death. The conquerors, anxious for slaves, followed close and soon forced the free themselves by throwing themselves on the naked sword of the Arabs: others plunged into the flames of the burning houses; twelve hundred, who had discovered no way of destroying their selves, fell to the hands of the enemy. The attention of the conquerors was soon drawn to the powder magazine. The size and solidity of the building insured them the success of the wealth of the inhabitants had been there deposited. It contained, however, only women and children, and Capsuls one of the prisoners of the town, who, having voluntarily refused to accompany the garrison in their projected sortie, conducted to the powder magazine, a crowd of women and children, saying, 'Come along, I will myself set fire to it.' They went on, and they had no putting to apprehend; the grave was about to unite them forever. The mothers then pressed their infants to their breasts, relying on Capsuls in the meanwhile, the enemy crowded round their asylums, some attempted to break open the doors; some to enter by the windows; some climbed to the roofs, and endeavored to demolish it. At length, Capsuls, perceiving that a vast number had assembled, uttered a brief prayer, familiar to the Greeks: 'Lord, remember me!' and applied the match. The explosion was so great, that the neighboring houses were thrown down, large chasms were produced in the earth, and the sea moved from its bed, inundating a part of the town. Two thousand men and women were blown up with Capsuls. Such was the catastrophe of this terrible drama!"

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## THE PARTISAN.

VARIETY waits into the mind a relief, for the useful and the sweet.

### WASHINGTON'S STATUE.

The last number of the Christian Examiner, published in Boston, contains the following original poem, lately received from Mrs. Hemans. In the note which accompanied it she says:—"I have just composed a few lines on reading a description in one of our papers, of Washington's Statue, by Chantry. Its being sent from England to America, now that we may hope that all feelings of animosity are yielding to kinder and more brotherly sentiments, is a most striking and interesting circumstance. The lines have not been published, nor will they at present appear in any English work, as I should wish them to reach my New England friends first."

Yest rear thy guardian Hero's form,  
On thy proud soil, thou Western World!  
A watcher through each sign of storm,  
O'er Freedom's flag unfurled.

There, as before a shrine to bow,  
But thy true sons their children lead;  
—The language of that noble brow  
For all things good shall plead.

The spirit reared in patriot fight,  
The virtue born of home and hearth,  
There calmly throned, a holy light  
Shall pour o'er cleanse earth.

And let that work of England's hand,  
Sent through the blast and surge's roar,  
So girt with tranquil glory, stand  
For ages on thy shore!

Such, thro' all time, the greetings be,  
That with the Atlantic billows sweep  
Telling the mighty and the free  
Of brothers o'er the deep!

### LIFE IS A VAPOUR.

I dream'd I saw a way child,  
With flaxen tangles, in a garden  
playing;

Now stopping here, and then afar  
off straying,  
As flower or butterfly his feet beguiled.

'Twas chang'd—'one Summer's day I  
stepp'd aside,  
To let him pass; his face had man-  
hood's seeming.

And that full eye of blue was fondly  
beaming  
On a fair maiden, whom he call'd "his  
bride."

Once more 'twas evening—and the  
cheerful fire  
I saw a group of youthful forms sur-  
rounding—

The room with harmless pleasant  
resounding;  
And in the midst I mark'd the smiling  
sire.

The Heavens were clouded—and I  
heard the tone  
Of a slow moving bell—the white hair-  
ed man had gone!

The Anchorite of olden time, was,  
one who had renounced the world, for-  
sworn the haunts of man, and, in the  
solitude and quiet of nature, by tem-  
perance and self-denial, was endeav-  
ouring to atone for the transgressions  
of former years.

"The moss his bed, the cave his hum-  
ble cell,  
His food the fruit, his drink the chrys-  
tal well;  
Remote from man, with God he pass'd  
his days,  
Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure  
praise."

But the hermits of these times have all  
like Parnell's,  
—fix'd the scallop in their hats be-  
fore,  
And with the rising sun a journey went."

Probably some of our readers will  
remember the "Hermit in Philadel-  
phia." He wrote, for penance, some  
bad verses, and enjoined it on the  
world, for penance, to read them. We  
believe, however, the reading public  
had no great desire for that kind of  
mortification, and the hermit, with his  
verses, stole quietly back to the cell of  
retirement.

"The 'Hermit in London,' was the  
next claimant for popular attention.—  
His beautiful essays appeared origi-  
nally in the Literary Gazette, and were  
desperately admired. The following ex-  
tract is presented as a specimen, which  
we think will be highly acceptable to  
our readers:

"Women's charms are certainly many  
and powerful. The expanding p...  
just bursting into beauty has an irre-

resistible bewitchingness; the blooming  
bride led triumphantly to the hymenal  
altar, awakens admiration and interest,  
and the blush of her cheek fills with  
delight; but the charm of maternity is  
more sublime than these. Heaven has  
imprinted on the mother's face some-  
thing beyond this world, something  
which claims kindred with the skies—  
the angelic smile, the tender look, the  
waking watchful eye which keeps its  
fond vigil over the slumbering babe.  
These are objects which neither the  
pencil nor the chisel can touch, which  
poetry fails to exalt, which the most  
eloquent tongue in vain would en-  
gaze, and on which all description be-  
comes ineffective. In the heart of man  
lies this lovely picture; it lives in his  
sympathies; it reigns in his affections;  
his eye looks round in vain for such  
another object on the earth.

Maternity, ecstatic sounds so twined  
round our heart, that it must cease  
to throb ere we forget it! 'tis our first  
love; 'tis part of our religion. Nature  
has set the mother upon such a pinna-  
cle, that our infant eyes and senses are  
first uplifted to it; we cling to it in man-  
hood; we almost worship it in old age.  
He who can enter an apartment and  
behold the tender babe feeding—nour-  
ished by the tide of life which flows  
through the mother's generous veins,  
without a panting bosom and a grate-  
ful eye, is no man but a monster. He  
who can approach the cradle of sleep-  
ing infancy without thinking that  
"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven,"  
or view the fond parent hang over its  
beauties, and half retain her breath  
lest she should break its slumbers,  
without a veneration beyond all com-  
mon feeling, is to be avoided in every  
intercourse in life, and is fit only for  
the shadow of darkness and the soli-  
tude of the desert; though a lone be-  
ing, far be such feelings from  
The Hermit in London."

### FOR THE VILLAGE HERALD.

#### MARRIAGE IS A LOTTERY.

Mr. Editor.—Perhaps I may be al-  
lowed to make a few observations, on  
that state about which so much has  
been said and written, and which ap-  
pears to be one of the chief objects  
of our lives. We often hear it said  
that marriage is a lottery, by which I  
suppose to be meant, that it is a lot-  
tery whether it will be a happy or  
an unhappy marriage, or whether the  
parties will live happily together af-  
ter their marriage or not. This idea, I  
think, can easily be shown to be al-  
most or entirely without foundation.  
For it by pursuing a certain course,  
a certain degree of happiness can be  
certainly be obtained, and that this  
course be accessible to all who choose  
to follow it, there can be nothing more  
clear, than that it is a matter of  
choice and no lottery at all; and that  
happiness is a necessary consequence  
attendant upon the marriage state if  
that course be pursued. The unhap-  
py lives many married persons live,  
no doubt, gave rise to the above say-  
ing; but this I conceive proceeds en-  
tirely from the misconduct of the  
parties and not from any dissimilarity  
of temper or disposition; and this too,  
generally speaking at the first  
entrance into the conjugal career. This  
error is fatal to the repose of thousands,  
chiefly consists in a foolish and absurd  
notion in one party maintaining, and  
the other endeavoring to obtain the  
possession of or mastery. A sensible  
man need never be afraid, unless in-  
deed he should be so unfortunate as to  
wed a fiend or maniac, of losing his  
natural and internal authority, pos-  
sessed by the male of every  
creature over the female. And a sensible  
woman will never attempt to gain it.  
Let the husband observe a firm, digni-  
fied, yet mild and affectionate deport-  
ment towards his wife, and I defy  
any woman to obtain an undue in-  
fluence over him. On the other hand,  
let the wife observe a kind, respect-  
ful, and endearing deportment towards  
her husband, and no woman need  
ever fear being tyrannised over. By a  
kind and endearing deportment, I do  
not mean that mawkish, sickening  
sort of fondness by which many a  
man has been driven from his home;  
but a respectful, generous solicitude  
for his welfare, with a desire to please  
and be pleased—to be comfortable  
himself and to make her husband  
comfortable also. And let the ladies  
remember, that in the contention for  
superiority there is much to lose, and  
nothing to gain.—Suppose the wife  
obtain the mastery over her husband,  
still he is only tamed a little and not  
at all subdued; and will, in spite of  
all the influence she may have obtain-  
ed over him, frequently indulge his  
own feelings, inclinations and propen-  
sities, in opposition to hers. And that  
is one of the most comfortable and re-  
general propensities of mankind to  
wish to taste forbidden fruit. No soon-  
er are we restrained in the indulgence  
of any thing, no matter what, than  
we immediately feel an unconquer-  
able desire to enjoy it. And that too,  
which but a short time before, we  
regarded with perfect indifference and  
perhaps with disgust. Hence aggres-  
sions would be multiplied on his part,  
and every fresh offence would of course  
call forth a new war on her part. And  
thus the wife who has violated eve-  
ry feeling of nature and every sense

of propriety to obtain the rule over  
her husband, is under the necessity  
of making perpetual war, to keep him  
in check and to support the authority  
she has so unnaturally obtained. But  
if she should not succeed, she runs  
every risk of being miserable for life,  
but let her husband be ever so good  
natured a man, it is a thousand to one,  
but this strife alienates his affections,  
and entirely obliterates every partic-  
le of regard that he before had; and  
in place of affection and kindness suc-  
ceeds austerity and neglect, or at best  
coldness and indifference. This is sup-  
posing him to be a man of sense and  
a good disposition; but should he be  
other wise, then in place of coolness  
and neglect will succeed hatred, ty-  
ranny and cruelty. Far be it from me  
to say that this conduct is justifiable  
in the husband, any more than the  
opposition of the wife; I merely wish  
to state it as a natural and almost in-  
evitable consequence of the previous  
imprudence of the wife. Then for-  
sooth we hear the cry that they are  
the most unfortunate and miserable of  
beings; and entitled to the commis-  
eration of all their acquaintance; who  
immediately pronounce her to have  
been peculiarly unhappy in the choice  
of a husband. Without making the  
least allowance for his feelings, or for  
a moment reflecting that the wife has  
been the sole cause of it. The golden  
rule of matrimony is "avoid the first  
quarrel;" it is like letting loose a dam  
of water, to break through this rule.  
If once the breach is made, no one  
knows where it will stop. Let ladies  
therefore who have entered on it intend  
controlling the pulse of matrimony re-  
flect upon these things, and regulate  
themselves accordingly, and we shall  
hear no more of the lottery of mar-  
riage. I cannot better conclude these  
observations than with the few lines  
which occasioned them. They ex-  
press most beautifully my idea of a  
wife in every sense of the word.

His house she enters, there to be a  
light  
Shining within, when all without is  
night;

A guardian angel o'er her life presiding,  
Doubling his pleasures and his cases  
dividing!

How oft her eyes read his, her gentle  
mind  
To all his wishes, all his thro's inclin'd;  
Still subject—ever on the watch to  
borrow,

Mirth from his mirth, and sorrow from  
his sorrow."

### CEPHALUS.

#### SELECTED FOR THE HERALD.

There are two souls whose equal flow  
in gentle streams so calmly run,  
That when they part? Ah no,  
They cannot part—those souls are one.

### THE VIRTUOUS WIFE.

From the German.

Whosoever has gained a virtuous  
wife possesses a treasure of intrinsic  
worth—a prize of higher value than  
the most costly pearl.

Such a treasure had Rabbi Meir,  
the great teacher obtained. He sat,  
on the Sabbath, in the Synagogue,  
instructing the people. In the mean  
time, Death, who often aims his poi-  
sonous shafts against the infant breast,  
and spares the aged and infirm, did,  
by an unexpected stroke, deprive the  
parents of two goodly sons; both were  
of handsome shape—both by a father's  
care, enlightened in the law.

His partner looked at first at this be-  
reavement with all the feelings of a  
tender mother; but, soon having an un-  
common sympathy for her conduct, or  
she will find, in the end, that her lover  
will place but little value on her charms;  
and she may think herself better off than her  
predecessor, if she has not reason to  
exclaim, in the language of poetical  
feeling.

"I was woo'd—I was won—and for-  
saken."

On the contrary, happy the maid  
who prudently governs her conduct  
towards men, by a knowledge of this  
propensity of the human heart; and  
who withholds her smiles of favour,  
until, by a proper degree of reserve,  
thus awakening the sensibility and  
anxiety of her suitor, she has im-  
planted in his breast a due estimation  
of her worth—an ardent "desire,"  
which, in due respect, will be a deep  
sunk, unalterable, attachment. This  
policy, to an affectionate girl, may,  
indeed, be a restraint upon her feel-  
ings, which the gentleness of her na-  
ture would lead her to endure. But she  
is commended to restrain her pas-  
sions for that "bringeth happiness." And  
these females who would avoid the  
mortifications of disappointed love,  
and secure the lasting attachment of  
their lovers, would do well to govern  
their conduct, and entrench the avens-  
ures of their hearts, with such a cau-  
tious breastwork of difficulties—such  
a prudent and enchanting reserve,  
as might be compared to a

answered she, "if it is unjust so to  
do, but I would not return them  
without thy knowledge." She then  
conducted him to the chamber, walked  
forward, and removed from the dead  
bodies their covering. "Oh, my sons! my sons!" cried  
the father, in the fulness of his grief—  
"do I find you thus?—I gave you life,  
I enlightened your mortal eyes in law,  
and looked upon you as the solace of my  
declining years, when, on a sudden, I find myself bereft of you."

She turned from him, wishing to  
conceal the agitation of her mind, but  
roused at length by the violence of his  
grief, she seized him by the hand and  
spoke:

"Rabbi, hast thou not taught me,  
that it is contrary to the moral as well  
as religious duties of men, to refuse  
restoring what is entrusted to their care?  
Behold, the Lord hath given, the Lord  
hath taken away, blessed be the name of  
the Lord."

"The name of the Lord be praised,"  
rejoined Rabbi Meir, conscious that he  
had erred in repining at His will who is  
infallible; in murmuring at His mandate,  
who is omniscient.

It is truly said, "Whosoever hath  
found a virtuous wife has a greater  
treasure than the most costly pearl;  
she opens her mouth with wisdom,  
and in her tongue is the law of kind-  
ness."

### FOR THE VILLAGE HERALD.

#### FEMALE POLICY.

It must be matter of astonishment  
to every reflecting mind, to observe the  
motives or reasons which influence the  
greater part of mankind, in fixing a  
value upon different objects. It is a  
remarkable fact that man does not es-  
timate objects according to their in-  
trinsic worth or the degree of gratifi-  
cation he may derive from their posses-  
sion; but according to the trouble and  
anxiety he has experienced in their at-  
tainment. Why is the Miser more de-  
lighted with the gold and silver he has  
toiled day and night to procure, than  
with the other metals, equally useful  
and equally comely to the view, but  
which were with ease acquired? Why  
does the "Chinaman" prefer the com-  
paratively worthless furs of America,  
to the delightful silks and crapes of  
his own country? Why does the heir  
to the acquisitions of a miserly parent  
squander his inheritance away, scatter-  
ing it abroad among "publicans  
and sinners," with profusion equalled  
only by the sower casting his seed  
over the face of the earth, while the  
man who has earned his property by  
the sweat of his brow, places too high  
a value upon it in prodigality? Why  
is it that a General is more elated  
with the honors of a hard earned vic-  
tory, than with the laurels of a tri-  
umph easily won? A solution to all  
these questions can only be found by  
recurrence to the fact, before men-  
tioned, viz: that a man places little  
or no value upon things which are easily  
obtained. He will not be brought  
to believe there is any thing of un-  
common merit in objects which have  
cost him no pains—no anxiety—no  
trouble, to acquire.

When we reflect properly upon the  
truth of these observations we come  
to be astonished at the indifference  
(I had almost said disgust) produced  
by the easily obtained consent of  
some kind confiding fair one, who  
had before been the object of her  
heart's dearest, fondest attachment.

The female who suffers her affections  
to be easily gained, and allows her  
feelings to become manifest too soon,  
must have an uncommon apology for  
her conduct, or she will find, in the  
end, that her lover will place but little  
value on her charms; and she may  
think herself better off than her pre-  
decessor, if she has not reason to  
exclaim, in the language of poetical  
feeling.

"I was woo'd—I was won—and for-  
saken."

On the contrary, happy the maid  
who prudently governs her conduct  
towards men, by a knowledge of this  
propensity of the human heart; and  
who withholds her smiles of favour,  
until, by a proper degree of reserve,  
thus awakening the sensibility and  
anxiety of her suitor, she has im-  
planted in his breast a due estimation  
of her worth—an ardent "desire,"  
which, in due respect, will be a deep  
sunk, unalterable, attachment. This  
policy, to an affectionate girl, may,  
indeed, be a restraint upon her feel-  
ings, which the gentleness of her na-  
ture would lead her to endure. But she  
is commended to restrain her pas-  
sions for that "bringeth happiness." And  
these females who would avoid the  
mortifications of disappointed love,  
and secure the lasting attachment of  
their lovers, would do well to govern  
their conduct, and entrench the avens-  
ures of their hearts, with such a cau-  
tious breastwork of difficulties—such  
a prudent and enchanting reserve,  
as might be compared to a

Wild Steel-briary fence,  
Which round the flower of beauty  
drews,

Which warns the touch, while win-  
ning the sense,  
Not charms us less, when it most repels!"  
JULIA.

### FOR THE VILLAGE HERALD.

It is difficult to conceive what would  
be the evil consequences attending  
universal similitude of opinion. One  
of the consequences would be that  
there would exist no such thing as dis-  
cussion or argument on any subject,  
and by that means annihilate a most  
fruitful source of improvement. It ap-  
pears that in perusing Julia's piece we  
were unfortunate enough to disagree  
in a few particulars. Friendship de-  
notes, pure, unsophisticated, uncalcu-  
lated esteem. Now it is evident that  
in the instance of friendship which  
Julia has adduced viz. the "facile de-  
portment of an individual of one sex  
towards one of the other" there are  
secondary intentions, personal inter-  
est in view. Julia appears to be well  
skilled in forming pretenses viz. "and  
if still the facility is continued the in-  
terviews may become frequent and  
still be attributed to friendship."

In this sentence we would suggest the  
wrong position of the word "still"  
which ought immediately to precede  
"continued" also the subjunctive mood  
instead of the indicative. Perhaps by  
this pretext Julia must be bound by  
the "silk cords of amorosity."

And no doubt she must be entangled  
in the "heart-congratulating powers of  
love blooming forth like the new risen  
sun quickly dispersing every interven-  
ing cloud that may have a tendency to  
adulterate the beauties of the scene."

This comparison which she has made  
between love and the rising sun is ex-  
tremely faulty. If we recollect our-  
selves and be not overpowered by the  
dazzling lustre of the language, we  
will find that at the rising of the sun,  
when a cloud obstructs its course, the  
sun is generally, indeed, almost invari-  
ably obscured, which is precisely the  
contrary of what the last sentence  
expresses. The same happens to love.  
For when there is any opposition love  
is most generally defeated. "Here the  
aged parent, mourning the libertine  
conduct of a profligate son or an un-  
dutiful daughter, can pour forth his  
heart-piercing sorrows into the bosom  
of a sympathising brother, and receive  
the heart-consoling balm of partici-  
pated grief, and is informed that the  
cause of his offspring's depravity is  
not owing to neglect of parental at-  
tention or religious counsels." This is  
in toto an elaborate, fatiguing, and  
burdensome sentence. Parents, lib-  
ertines, profligates, sons, daughters, bro-  
thers, sorrows, consolation, grief, de-  
pravity and religion crammed into  
one sentence, all combine to trans-  
gress every rhetorical rule and gram-  
matical maxim. It is a rhetorical rule  
never to crowd into one period things  
which are unconnected, and inappet-  
ent to the former part of the sen-  
tence. Let us mark the bearing of the  
latter part of the sentence—and is  
informed that the cause of his off-  
spring's depravity is not owing to the  
neglect of parental attention or reli-  
gious counsels." What consolation to  
a parent can it be to tell him, that his  
son's libertine course of conduct is not  
owing to the son's neglect of parental  
attention? &c? Her language here  
would signify that the neglect was the  
part of the son, whereas, she no doubt,  
means directly the contrary. The ob-  
scurity might be remedied thus "his  
offspring's depravity is not owing to the  
parents neglect &c.—Again, "The  
power and force of true friendship is  
of far greater extent, than may per-  
haps be imagined, for we may even  
trace it with peculiar perceptibility  
among the aboriginal Americans, where  
the most palpable beacons of friend-  
ship are sorely observed. "We  
think this to be a lame argument in  
favor of friendship, viz that it existed  
among the savages of America; the  
most reasonable inference which could  
be taken from this is an argument ar-  
guing against them in favor of friend-  
ship. I think that, by the "punditry"  
of Miss Julia's language, she  
must have got sight of some classi-  
cal authors before the composition of  
her last effusion. Also the "polylogy"  
of her style and "amorosity" of her  
genius appear to suit the Masculine  
Noun Julius much better than the  
feminine. But I hope that the lady  
will not take those vague remarks  
amiss, but as coming from her well  
wisher in the cause of "amorosity"—  
ALTER

\* A typographical error.—ED.

Reader! without doubt thou hast of-  
ten wept for the sorrows of the unhap-  
py, and often sighed for their relief,  
but tears and sighs avail not while the  
hand of Charity is closed to their  
wants. Has Providence been bountiful,  
and blessed you with fortune and  
friends? Show the sincerity of your  
gratitude by your affection for his  
creatures, and your bountiful dis-  
tribution of happiness and comfort to  
the needy and distressed; then shall  
your years roll away in contentment,  
and your mouldering ashes rest in  
peace.

The reputation of a statesman, the  
credit of a merchant, and the modesty  
of a woman, prevail more than their  
power, riches, or beauty.

Have nought to do with any man  
in his passion; for men are not like iron  
to be wrought upon when they are hot.



# THE VILLAGE HERALD.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN S. ZIEBER, PRINCESS-ANNE, SOMERSET COUNTY, MARYLAND.

VOL. I.

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The VILLAGE HERALD is published weekly at \$2 50, per annum, or at \$2 (sent by mail and subject to postage) in either case to be paid half-yearly in advance. No subscription taken for a shorter period than six months; none discontinued (unless at the editor's discretion,) until all arrearages are paid off; and a failure to notify a discontinuance will be invariably considered as a new engagement.

Advertisements, not exceeding a square, will be inserted three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each continuance; those exceeding a square in the same proportion.

Advertisements, if handed in by Monday night at 10 o'clock, shall appear in the paper next morning.

Persons advertising must limit the time of insertion, otherwise their advertisements will be continued and charged accordingly.

All communications addressed to the editor must come POST PAID.

## FOR THE VILLAGE HERALD.

### THE OLDEN TIME.

There were, sometime since, in the course of publication, in the Boston Gazette, the long-headed literary treasure of an accurate observer's Common-Place Book, giving us an amusing view of the society and manners of Boston, rather less than a century ago—differing somewhat, it will be seen, from those of the present day. These sketches, one of the numbers of which will be found below, are appropriately headed

### REMINISCENCES.

Dress, &c.—Seventy-five years ago cocked hats, wigs, and red cloaks, were the usual dress of gentlemen; boots were rarely seen, except among military men. Shoe strings were worn by those who could not buy any sort of buckles. In winter round-about were used, made stiff with tuckram; they came down to their knees in front. Belts, of revolution, boys wore wigs and cocked hats; and boys of genteel families were cocked hats till within about thirty-five years.

Ball dress for gentlemen was silk coat, and breeches of the same, and embroidered waist-coats—sometimes white satin breeches. Buckles were fashionable till within twenty or twenty-five years, and a man could not be ransomed in a ball room with shoe-strings. It was usual for the bride, bridegroom, and maids, and men attending, to go to church together three successive Sundays after the wedding, with a change of dress each day. A gentleman who deceased not long since, appeared the first Sunday in white broad cloth—the second in blue and gold—the third in peach bloom and pearl buttons. It was a custom to hang the execution of a deceased head of a family out of a window over the front door, from the time of his decease until after the funeral. The last instance which is remembered of this was in the case of Governor Hancock's uncle, 1764. Copies of the escutcheon, painted on black silk, were more anciently distributed among the pall-bearers—rings attached—and until within a few years, gloves. Dr. A. Elliot had a mug full of rings which were presented to him at funerals. Till within about twenty-five years gentlemen wore powder, and many of them sat from thirty to forty minutes every day under the barber's hands, to have their hair cropped; suffering no inconsiderable pain most of the time from hair pulling, and sometimes from the hair cutting. Crapes, cushions and cloths were indispensable in full dress, till within about thirty years. Sometimes ladies were dressed the day before the party, and slept in easy chairs, to keep their hair in fit condition for the following night. Most ladies went to parties on foot, if they could not get a seat in a friend's carriage or chaise. Gentlemen rarely had a chance to ride.

The drinking of punch in the forenoon, in public houses, was a common practice with the most respectable men, till about thirty-three years; and evening clubs were very common. The latter, it is said, were more common formerly, as they afforded the means of communion on the state of the country. Dinner parties were very rare. Wine was very little in use; convivial parties drank punch or toddy. Half boots came into fashion about thirty-five years ago. The first pair that appeared in Boston were worn by a young gentleman who came here from New York, and who was more remarked for his boots than any thing else. Within twenty-five years gentlemen wore smock coat with black velvet collars, and very costly buttons of ivory, pearl, cut steel, or painted glass; and neckcloths edged with

lace and ruffles over the hands. Before the Revolution from 5 to 6000, was the utmost of annual expenditure in those families where carriages and correspondent domestics were kept. There were only two or three carriages, that is, chariots or coaches, in 1750. Chaises on four wheels, not phaetons, were in use in families of distinction.

The history of the Liberty Tree is said to be this: That a certain capt. McIntosh illuminated the tree, and hung upon it effigies of obnoxious characters, and that these were taken down by the liberty boys and burnt; and the tree thus got its name.

About 1730 to 1740, there was no meat market; there were only four shops in which fresh meat was sold—one of them was the corner of State-street & Cornhill, where Mr. Hartshorn now keeps. Gentlemen used to go the day before and have their carriages put down for what they wanted. Out side of this shop was a large hook, on which carcasses used to hang. A little man, who was a Justice of the Peace came one day for meat; but came too late. He was disappointed, and asked to whom such and such pieces were to go? One of them was to go to a tradesman—it was not a common thing in those days to eat fresh meat; the Justice went out, saying, he would send the tradesman a salar for his lamb. He sent an order due and unpaid tax-bill. Soon after, the tradesman met the Justice near this place, and told him he would return his kindness; which he did, by hanging the Justice up by the waistband of his breeches to the butcher's shank, and leaving him to get down as he could.

The internal and external commerce of Albany has increased to such a degree, that the merchants are making arrangements for the establishment of a regular Exchange. The Albanians are also making arrangements for an application to Congress, to have that city made a regular port of entry.

Mr. Simpson, manager of the New York Circus, had recovered \$500, in a suit against Samuel A. Tatum, for a violation of an engagement of himself and his wife, for three years, as equestrian performers.

The examination, usually made at this period of the year, at all the Lancasterian Schools of Philadelphia, has recently been performed. We are happy to learn that upwards of four thousand pupils are now under instruction, and that the general aspect of this invaluable institution was never more encouraging and gratifying.

discipline, will be permitted to graduate with the students of the classic languages.

Melancholy.—A cartman, who was driving rapidly with his cart through a street, in New York, on Wednesday last, ran over a coloured woman. One of the wheels passed over her head and almost immediately terminated her existence. We are weary of remonstrating with drivers, and have therefore only to say, that when the issue of their misconduct is fatal, the law, should take its course.

Burning alive.—A woman in Canada lately went on an afternoon visit to a neighbour, leaving two children at home. One of the boys, who was about five years old, and the other blind, the clothes of the former caught fire, and she burned to death, the blind boy being unable to render her any assistance. The feelings of the parent on her return must have been poignant; not the less so, in my degree, from the reflection that a criminal imprudence had been the cause of the catastrophe.

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## THE INDIAN QUEEN

### AND

## BALTIMORE HOUSE,

Situated on two beautiful and spacious streets, and so central as to be convenient to the Wharves, Steam-Boats and Public Buildings. This extensive Hotel, fronting about 100 feet on Baltimore or Market street, and 234 feet on Hanover street, has been elegantly improved, the Public Rooms handsomely fitted up, the Chambers with new and appropriate furniture, the Parlours on Hanover & Market streets for families (formerly 2 private dwellings) adjoining entrance distinct from the Hotel and elegantly furnished, and so publicly situated as to command a view of the busy and gay crowds which throng the great public and fashionable street (Market street); the chambers attached, are private, convenient, and handsomely furnished. The Bath Rooms are in fine order; the Reading Room is supplied with papers from various parts of the Union; a Bag for Post Office Letters; a General Stage Office, and on an adjoining lot, extensive Stables and Carriage Houses, with every other necessary appendage which belongs to a Hotel of the first Rank. The removal of a house in the rear on German street, which obstructed the light and air, the ornamental railing and pinnacles substituted, the revealing appearance of an extensive Grass Plot, bordered with shrubs and flowers, give a finish to the improvements no less pleasing to the taste than conducive to comfort. It is naturally admitted that the house and premises are as naturally changed as to be scarcely recognized, and in appearance, comfort, arrangement, style, and in other and no less material requisites, far superior to what they were. An abundant and choice Table, attentive servants, and all that is included in a well arranged Hotel. Those who have honoured the house with their company have spoken of these essentials in terms of commendation extremely flattering. The undersigned renews to the public his grateful thanks for their patronage, and at the same time solicits the old friends of the house and the public at large to give this renovated and superior located establishment a trial, especially as he is now enabled from the increased accommodation and high state of improvement of the Hotel to entertain in a superior style, and at charges less than any of his predecessors. Gentlemen and Ladies arriving in the Steam-Boats or Stages, at any hour of the night, will be conducted to apartments always prepared, or their departures expedited in the Stages or Steam-Boats.

The public's obedient servant,  
G. BELTZHOVER,  
Baltimore, June 1st, 1827.

## SOMERSET HOTEL.

THE subscriber adopts this method to entertain for travellers and the public in general, that she has taken the House at Princess-Anne, lately occupied by Mr. John W. B. Parsons.

The public's obedient servant,  
G. BELTZHOVER,  
Baltimore, June 1st, 1827.

## AS J. TIVERN, CALLED THE

## SOMERSET HOTEL.

Where she intends to carry on the same business in its various branches, and hopes that her attention and her exertions to please, will procure a share of public patronage.

MARY DASHIELL.  
Princess-Anne, April 24.

## RISEING SUN TAVERN.

THIS INN.

Situated at the Village of Quantico, Somerset County, Md.

Formerly kept by George Malcomb, is now occupied by the subscriber, who has endeavored to determine to devote his attention entirely to those who may favour him with their custom.

The comforts and luxuries of life, essential to the full enjoyment of the traveller, such as clean chambers, attentive servants, and a table furnished with the best of the produce and season of the day, shall at all times be in readiness. Also the choicest liquors for the refreshing of a guest.

Strangers visiting, and travellers passing through the village, as well as his more intimate acquaintance, are respectfully solicited to give him a call.

PETER B. DAVIS.  
May 14, 1827.

## TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Honourable the Judges of Worcester County Court, sitting as a Court of Chancery, will be sold at the Court-House door, in the town of Snow-Hill, on Friday the fifteenth day of June next, between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock, all or as much of the following described real estate of the late William Whittington, deceased, as will be sufficient to pay his debts. The terms of sale as prescribed in the Decree, are, fifty dollars cash, and a bond with one or more approved securities, to be approved by the Court, for the purchase money, with a credit of twelve months, bearing interest from the day of sale, and upon the payment of the whole of the purchase money, a deed to be executed by the Trustee conveying the rights of the late William Whittington, and his heirs claiming under him.

Description in the Second Election District, viz:—Baltimore City and Partnership, 180 acres; Addition to Snow-Hill, 254 acres; Fishery, 10 acres; Commerce, 336 acres; Wood-yard, 15 acres; one eighth of Lot No. 7;—Lots Nos. 92, 81, 91, and 93;—Lots Nos. 17, 36, 37, 63, 91, 96, 97, 98, 99, and 100, with their improvements; ground between No. 17 and the river part of Snow-Hill between No. 7 and the river; his part of the Steam Mill.

Third Election District—Timber Grove, 652 acres; Part of Bucking-ham.

Fifth Election District—Whittington's Security, 5791 acres; Whittington's Meadow, 30 acres; Addition to Double Purchase, 12 acres; Gloucester, 58 acres; Rock Neck, 34 acres; Carey's Place, containing several tracts, 100 acres; Whittington's Recovery, 420 acres; Blacksmiths Lot, 21 acres.

It is further ordered and decreed by the said Court, that the Trustee give notice to the creditors of the said William Whittington, that they exhibit their claims against the said William, with the vouchers therefor, to the office of the Clerk of the Court, within six months from the day of sale.

ISAAC P. SMITH, Trustee of  
Wm. Whittington, dec'd.  
May 17, 1827. (226)

## THE ARIEL.

### And Ladies' Literary Gazette.

THE first number of the ARIEL, will be published on Saturday the 31st day of May next, and issued regularly every other Saturday thereafter. Each No. will contain eight large quarto pages, printed on fine paper, with entirely new type, and occasionally embellished with beautiful and appropriate engravings, at the very low rate of one dollar per annum.

The ARIEL is intended to be an agreeable and interesting companion for the Ladies, devoted to Literature and the Arts; containing a synopsis of all that is passing in the public, fashionable and the literary world, with a summary of news, Original Essays, choice Tales, select pieces of Poetry, sketches of female character, and other pleasing matter will occupy its pages.

No labour or expense will be spared to make it a cheap and valuable visitor in the hands of every literary lady. Measures have been taken to secure the best periodicals of the day, from which extracts, calculated to improve the female mind, will be frequently taken. The Editor is determined to make it acceptable to the Ladies; the uncommensurate price at which it is published, One Dollar yearly, must place it within every one's reach.

Heedful patronage is extended, the ARIEL will be sent weekly, at the end of three months.

One thousand names are already placed upon our subscription list, and additions are made daily. The subscription is payable in advance, and all letters must be post paid, and addressed to Edward Walter, No. 71, Market st. Philadelphia, who is Agent for the Editor.

Any person who will procure subscribers, and remit the money, shall receive a copy gratis, for one year. Editors are politely requested to insert this a few times.

Subscription thankfully received at this office.

## JOB PRINTING.

SUCH AS  
Handbills, Cards, Bills,  
PAMPHLETS, &c.  
Thankfully received and promptly printed, on moderate terms.  
At the Office of the Village Herald.





## THE PARTERRE.

VARIETY initiates into the mind a relish for the useful and the sweet.

SELECTED FOR THE HERALD.

Translation of a Song in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered."

See the gentle budding rose,  
Early as the morn she blows,  
In virgin modesty and bloom  
attire'd;  
Half within herself conceal'd,  
Half unto the eye reveal'd,  
The less she seems expos'd, the more  
she is admir'd.

Next she shows her bosom fair  
Open to the fragrant air,  
Her former modest looks no longer  
she retains;  
See her languish! see her die!  
No more pleasing to the eye,  
No more desired by nudes, no more  
admir'd by swains.

Swift as happy minutes fly,  
So swift youth and beauty die;  
So swift the moon of life is follow'd by  
its eve.  
Tho' each revolving season brings  
Other summer, other springs,  
The spring of life when past admits of  
no return.

Then early as the dawn of day  
Pluck the budding rose of May,  
At noon she blooms, at night she fades  
away.  
Gather now the roses of love,  
Now the fleeting hour improves,  
For if you would be loved learn be  
times to love.

FROM THE N. Y. STATESMAN.

## THE AMERICAN ENSIGN.

Flag of the planet gems!  
Whose sapphire-circled diamonds  
Stead every sea, and shore, and sky;  
Oh can thy children gaze  
Upon thy silver blaze,  
Nor kindle at the rays  
Which led the brave of old to die?  
Thou banner beautiful and grand,  
Float thou forever o'er our land!

Flag of the stripes of fire!  
Long as the battle-loud lyre  
Can strike, thou shalt inspire our song,  
We'll sing thee—round the hearth,  
We'll sing thee—when we forth  
To battle go, with clarion tongue.  
Flag of the free and brave in blood,  
For aye be thou the blest of God!

Flag of the bird of Jove,  
Who leet the clouds and stars above,  
To point the hero's lightning path;  
Around thee we will stand,  
With glittering sword in hand,  
And swear to guard the land  
Which tamed the lion's earthquake  
wrath.

Flag of the West! be thou unfurled!  
Till the last trump arouse the world!  
Flag of two ocean shores!  
Whose overhanging thunder roars,  
From deep to deep, in storm and foam;  
Though with the sun's red set  
Thou sink'st to slumber; yet  
With him in glory great  
Thou risest and shalt share his tomb!  
Thou banner beautiful and grand,  
Float thou forever o'er our land! N.

## ON MUSIC.

When whistling streams do softly steal  
With creeping passions thro' the heart;  
And when, at every touch we feel  
Our pulses beat and beat a part;  
When threads can make,  
A heart-string quake,  
Philosophy  
Can scarce deny  
The soul can melt in harmony.

O hush me, hush me charming air,  
My sense is rock'd with wonders sweet,  
Like snow on wool thy fillings are,  
Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet;  
Grief who need fear  
That hath an ear?  
Down let him lie,  
And slumbering die,  
And change his soul for harmony.

Lines worked on a Hearth-Rug.  
Fair one, take heed how you advance,  
Nor tempt your own undoing;  
If you're too forward—fearful chance!  
A spark may prove your ruin.

FROM THE WATCH.

Thou speakest ill of me,  
And I speak well of thee,  
Luckless art thou—luckless am I,  
For every body knows—both lie.

Epitaph on a Baker, by his Wife.  
With balm I have scatter'd the spot  
where he lies,  
But I hope to the Lord it won't make  
his crust rise;  
I'll flower his grave, but I'll not do as  
he did.

For I beg to assure him, his dough is  
not kneaded.  
An Epigram.  
Ned calls his wife his counterpart,  
With truth as well as whim;  
Since every impulse of her heart  
Runs counter still to him.

## BEN PIE. OR THE INDIAN MURDERER.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.  
(Continued.)

Red Fox and Crow departed immediately through the desert with such rapidity and zeal, that the moment Ben had finished his narrative, they knocked at the door of the room in which the Colonel, his frightened lady, and Ben, were sitting. They asked for admission, and, at the same time, they were heard in a low voice to command their dogs, who smelt the murderer, to be still. Ben drew his knife, and putting his back against the door, seemed determined to defend it to the last extremity; but the Colonel, more prudent than the man of the forest, answered to the call of the two Indians, that he was coming, and losing no time to save if possible the life of one who once had saved his own, he took the candle and placed it in the trembling hand of his wife, and pointing to a door on the east side of the room, he told her to light Ben through the entry to the eastern parlour and to let him out by the back window. His request being complied with, he made a sign to Ben to follow his wife, and as Ben passed by him he grasped his hand and shook it with the warmest gratitude. Ben being safe, the Colonel opened the front door, where he found the two Indians whom he had previously met in the yard: they had with them two dogs, one resembling a wolf, and the other a terrier. The Colonel asked them in their own language what they wanted. They said their dogs had chased Ben Pie to his door, and they wanted to know if he could tell them where he was. To which the Colonel replied that an Indian came to his house a little while before, and had asked for food, and after having obtained it, left the house and had been seen by a black man to hide himself in the well. They immediately went to the well and began to throw down monstrous stones, but to no purpose; they fell in the water without meeting any obstruction, and being finally convinced that no one was there, they made for the barn. On their way thither, their big dog, whose name was Yacano, caught again the scent of Ben's track.

The chase commenced, but the stratagem of the Colonel had given Ben a considerable start of his pursuers: Ben, after having jumped out of the window, crawled around the barn, and hid his course in a south-easterly direction, across a miry piece of meadow land; and clearing all the obstacles in his way, he soon reached the margin of the Papskema creek; an arm of the Hudson, which branches off about two miles below Albany, and continues in a south-easterly direction until within a hundred yards below the place where our Indian stood. He instantly threw himself head-foremost into the water, and would soon have reached the opposite shore, if his progress had not been checked by something that seemed to pull his blanket; he turned his head round and plainly distinguished the sparkling eyes of Yacano, who was endeavoring to draw him back to the place of his departure. "Poor old dog," I am sorry for you, but you must die," and with one blow of his tomahawk he fractured his skull. Yacano howled once and sunk to no more, carrying Ben's hatchet with him, and leaving a pure crimson stream behind him. Ben, having landed, listened a moment and heard distinctly his pursuers urging on the terrier to pursue his tracks, but thinking himself safe, he could not help giving a whoop, after which he precipitately left the shore.

Our unfortunate Indian, having crossed a meadow, met a small stream issuing from a ridge of rocks almost opposite the Patquathick; and following its course through a dark and contracted ravine, he reached the foot of a precipice, over which the water formed an elegant cascade. The beauty of the place would have excited in a peaceful mind very different sensations from those that pressed incessantly on the troubled conscience of Ben. He only looked for safety and defence: a rock projecting over the fall of water, offered him, he thought, a well adapted retreat, and in an instant he ascended to it. On this lonely rock stood an oak, quite hollow, covered with moss, and entirely be-  
reft by time of its head, formerly covered with verdant foliage. Ben leaned against it to rest his exhausted frame. It was then midnight; the wind sighed mournfully through the surrounding evergreens, and the torrent which, running over the rock, was foaming with fury, when arrived on the flat below, expressed only a warbling murmur among the stones covering its surface, all was silent in this lonely refuge; but it was not so with Ben. He could plainly distinguish the Indians on the top of the Patquathick extinguishing their bon-fire and throwing the burning pine knots into the Hudson with repeated exclamations of ill-fate; the distant sounds of which he heard in the silent pauses of the north-west gale. He could not help comparing their innocent amusements to the torments of his soul,

and condemn the false honour which had excited him to spill the blood of a fellow being. Ben, though a savage, was not destitute of honest feelings; he was honest, and in the first effect of his wrath, almost similar to the wildest beast of the forest; but when his passion was over, he could reason and acknowledge his wrong; had education treated him in his native manner, he would have been a good man.

"Here I am," said he to himself, "like a roe-buck when pursued by hunters, or a night-owl perched on a tree, while on the other side of that creek, over which I have been swimming like a dog-fall is pleasure and contentment. Oh wicked run, you have done it—yes, it is that poison of the white men that has lit the flame of vengeance in my breast; had it not been for it, my fists alone should have challenged Norack. I should not have brought upon me the punishment of our law, and Ben Pie would be a respected chief among his people. Oh white men! your powder and your fire arms have never inflicted more woes upon us than your liquor!" He then thought he heard his pursuers in the ravine, and ascending the other side, he bent his course to the north along the summit of a rocky ridge. But his perturbed mind saw every where his enemies, and more than once the screaming of the owl, or the howling of some wild animal, was mistaken by him for the terrible yell of Red Fox and Crow. He soon, however, arrived at another precipice more awful than the first, and having descended into it, he recollected that he was in the well-known hollow, on the north side of which was the Indian path leading to the southward, through which the Mohawks were formerly in the habit of going to the sea-board to collect the tribute of dried clams and wampum annually sold to these fierce warriors by the poor fishing tribes, the principal of which were the Manhatan and the Mohawks; the first being inhabitants of New York, and the other of Long Island.

Ben had visited this place more than once, either as a warrior, or as a hunter, and had not forgotten that once pursuing a deer from a salt lick on the top of the hill, the poor creature taking a leap into the cavity, fell dead at the bottom. He entered that place with confidence, having no idea that he could ever be discovered in so dark and damp a recess, from which the rays of the sun are excluded by the thick foliage of innumerable hemlocks, extending their branches from the hemlock-banks, and forming a solid canopy over its whole extent. This cavity formed a narrow passage fifty rods long, and terminated by a perpendicular precipice about two hundred feet, from which a number of jagged, irregular rocks, integrated with beds of slate, frequently detached themselves. With his usual daring, Ben climbed to the middle of this precipice, and seated himself on a large rock, the upper part of which, by its looseness, convinced him that with a little exertion it could be hurled from its resting place. He thought if his enemies came from below, he could ascend by the top, and by the Indian path go to the southward; or if they came from above, he could descend into the hollow, recross the Papskema, and seek safety on the other side of the Hudson.

The horrid deed which deprived our unhappy Indian of the society of his friends, of his family, and of the innocent pleasures he enjoyed in his nation, was continually preying on his mind. The murdered Norack was forever before his eyes: he imagined he heard him groaning in the agony of death; the last cries of Somburra continually vibrated in his ear; he saw her lying at the side of her husband; and so horrid were his sensations, so poignant his remorse, that he did not notice a dreadful storm which was gathered over his head. Vivid flashes of lightning shot through the hollow, and one of them entirely illuminated that awful abyss—he discovered that his vigilant pursuers, guided by their faithful dogs, were directly below him. Crow immediately attempted to climb the steep: Ben felt for his knife, but he had lost it in crossing the creek; he then looked for his tomahawk, but he recollected that it had sunk in the water near Yacano, and collecting at that perilous crisis all the strength of his nervous arm, he raised from its base the upper part of the rock on which he had been sitting, and pitching it over, it carried along with it an immense quantity of loose slate and hardened clay: Crow, Red Fox, and their dogs, were all buried under the enormous mass; their faint and muffled cries, mingled with the howling storm, reached the ears of Ben, who could not help rejoicing at the success of his stratagem. Having regained the top of the hill, he gave a terrible yell, like yell, and flew to the southward by the old Indian path, which he had trodden under more joyful circumstances. He expected to enjoy more tranquility among the fishing tribes on the sea-coast, but he whither could he find that peace and happiness which innocence and virtue can alone procure, even to the Savage.

The following remarks, by Dr. Dwight should be read with attention, and impressed on the heart of every being who properly regards his own happiness the welfare of friends or the good order of society.

No reputation, no wisdom secures a man against drunkenness. This sin is found in the cottage and in palaces, in the study of the philosopher, and in the sacred desk; in the hall of the council and bench of justice; and contrary to what would seem the dictates of nature as well as delicacy, in the female sex; even in instances where distinction, understanding, amiableness and refinement would appear to forbid even the suspicion.—In most, if not in all these cases, the evil creeps insensibly on the unhappy subject, and overcomes him before he is aware. A prime object to be here regarded, is therefore to keep the danger always before our eyes. We are ever to feel that we ourselves are in danger, and to consider an habitual and lively dread of it as our best safety.

Nothing pleases for strong drink—an appetite unusually unnatural and created by casual indulgence. All things else in heaven and earth exclaim against it with a single voice.—Our health, our safety, our reason, our usefulness, our living, our souls, our families and our friends, in solemn and affecting union, urge, entreat and persuade us to abstain. God commands; Christ solicits; the spirit of grace influences us to abstain; angels and glorified saints behold our conduct with such anxiety and alarm as happy beings can feel, and watch and hope to see our escape. The law, with a terrible voice, thunders in our ears that dreadful denunciation.—Drunards shall not inherit the kingdom of God. Even hell itself, hostile as it is to our salvation, follows the rest of the universe, and in spite of its own malevolence, subjoins its dreadful admonition, by marshalling before us the innumerable host of wretches this sin has driven to its mansions of despair. Who that does not already sleep the sleep of death, can refuse to hear, awake and live?

## THE SCRIPTURES.

"I will confess to you," says Rosseau, "that the majority of the Scriptures strike me with admiration as the purity of Gospel truths is sufficient on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers with all their pomp of fiction; how mean, how contemptible are they compared with the Scriptures! Is it possible that a book at once so simple and sublime should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred personage, whose history it contains should be himself a mere man? Do we want to be told the true nature of an enthusiast or an ambitious sectarian? What sweetness, what purity, in his manners! what an affecting gracefulness in his delivery! what sublimity in his maxims! what profundity in his discourses! what presence of mind in his replies! how great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live and so die without weakness, and without ostentation? When Plato described his imaginary good man, with all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the highest reward of virtue, he described exactly the character Jesus Christ. The resemblance was so striking, that all the Christian fathers perceived it."

## Hints for a Moral Catechism.

Q.—What are friends made of?  
A.—Persons who can please or serve each other.

Where can I get them? Every where if you have rank, influence, or money.

Will they break? Unless they mutually bend they must break very soon.

What are enemies made of? The most bitter of friends.

What are they good for? To weary us of earth and make us endeavour to fit ourselves for heaven.

What does "enough" mean? A little more than we have.

Where can I get it? I never knew any body who had it.

What is experience made of? Observation on other people's mistakes, and the remembrance of suffering from our own.

What is it good for? To make disappointment bearable.

What is love? An illusion—a dream, from which we awake dissatisfied. Important only when it concerns ourselves—ridiculous, when we observe it in others.

Can it be bought? No; but though extremely precious, it is generally rendered will generally be found to be grateful.

Where does it come from? Heaven, it pure it mounts thither again. It is too exquisite for earth, and seldom rests on it long.

What is courage made of? The fear of contempt.

What is it good for? Self-preservation, and the protection of others.

What is justice? The principle and cause of all virtue, as light is the principle and cause of all colour.

Can it be sold? Yes, but it is very dear.

What is politeness? The art of avoiding unnecessary pain.

What is flattery? The art of deceiving others in order to ingratiate ourselves in their favor.

What is hope made of? Our wishes it dances before our path, but flies when we attempt to grasp it like the rainbow, which seems to rest on earth, but is only the creation of our vision.

What is disappointment made of? Hope.

Where can I get it? Every where, if you take imagination and passion for your guides.

What is pity? The uneasy sensation we feel when we look at suffering.

What is it good for? Nothing, unless accompanied by active benevolence.

What is mischief? The wit of fools.

What is punning? The folly of wit.

## FOR THE VILLAGE HERALD.

Behold the road to happiness rows of trees on each side, uniting at the top, from a beautiful arbour. See woman is strewn with flowers—how sweet, how refreshing the smell. See, too, the temple of happiness, built of the purest alabaster; its white columns rise amidst the green foliage—it stands upon a foundation of adamant. Its interior, is one large and spacious dome; around which, are set many jewels of uncommon lustre, namely virtue, truth, love, affection, friendship, and innumerable others; but in the centre, is one far brighter than the rest—it sheds no single ray—but one vast volume of uncreated light, surpassing in brilliancy the sun itself—yet mild as the moon beam. It penetrates, fills, and surrounds every part of the spacious dome—and reflecting all the colours of the rainbow, fit, quiet, and stream with flickering radiance. This jewel is Religion; under its power, age assumes the freshness of youth, new beauties are added to the blush of love contentment greets around and the placid smile of real pleasure sits upon every lip, and lightens every countenance.

## ELLWOOD.

## AGRICULTURAL.

Effect of Lime on Apple Trees.  
In the spring of 1819, I planted some apple trees of a very different and uneven growth: they were knotty, and inclined much to growing sprouts from the roots inasmuch that I began to despair of their being worth cultivating.

However, in the spring of 1820, I cleared the roots and bodies of sprouts, which were in abundance; then cut off the tops of the trees, and grafted which of course gave them a greater disposition to sprout: in consequence of which, the grafts grew but little that season, and the sprouts came out from the roots and bodies in abundance.

In the fall of 1820, I trimmed them clean; then took lime and made a whitewash, and limed the trees there with from the graft down to the roots, except a few of them, which I left unlimed to prove the experiment. These few remain rough, sprouty, and unthrifty; while those that were limed have cast their rough coats of bark, have but little disposition to growing sprouts, and are now thrifty, growing trees. This so fully convinces me of the good effect of lime on apple trees, that I recommend it without hesitation.

## Hillsborough Record.

One watch, set right, will do to try many by; and, on the other hand, one that goes wrong, may be the means of misleading a whole neighbourhood. And the same may be said of the example we individually set to those around us.

## Contemtable and Contemptuous.

Person had once exasperated a disputant by the dryness of his sarcasm. The petulant opponent at length addressed the professor thus: "Mr. Person, I beg leave to tell you, sir, that my opinion of you, is perfectly contemptible." Person replied, "I never knew an opinion of yours, sir, that was not contemptible."

## A PUN, in two parts.

Old Nobles, the famous punster, was walking in St. James's Park, when a gentleman in company with Doctor Garth, coming up to him—"Nobles," said he, "how comes your coat to be so short?" "Pshaw," answered he, "it will be long enough before I get another."

Garth knowing that king William loved a pun, notwithstanding all his dryness and gravity, the first time he was called to his majesty—"Sir," said he, "I'll tell your majesty the best pun you ever heard. A friend of mine the other day observed to Nobles, that his coat was too short; and Nobles replied—that it would be a long time before he got another." Sir Samuel was confounded when he saw no rivalry moving upon the face of his majesty, who coldly telling him he could not find out the pun, the Doctor scratched his head and retired, muttering that "e'gad he was sure it was a very good story when he heard it."

June 19









# THE PARTERRE.

VARIETY finds into the mind a relief for the useful and the sweet.

FOR THE VILLAGE HERALD.

Mr. Editor,

I send you the following beautiful lines for publication, without knowing whether they were ever printed. They were written by a young Lady of Massachusetts who now resides in a southern state. Yours &c. ROBERTS.

When sadness calls a tear,  
When pain and grief are near,  
Misfortune's arrows flying,  
And every hope is dying,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When sad, but not despairing,  
For nothing earthly caring,  
When thought of joy is given,  
Save faith and hope in heaven,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When fearful doubts assail me,  
And Friendship's soothing fail me,  
When not one cheering ray  
Beams on my anxious way,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When earth with all its treasure  
Can yield no peace nor pleasure,  
And every mournful sigh,  
Speaks but the wish to die,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When memory's pleasures cease,  
With all that whisper'd peace;  
When age comes tottering on,  
And joy and health are gone,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

Should conscience rouse from slumber  
And all my follies number,  
Should terrors haunt my pillow,  
Will as the raging billow,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, at my final hour,  
I feel death's chilling power,  
And scarce, with sigh forgiven,  
Dare hope for rest in heaven,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

And when—but hush—no more—  
(Tremble and adore—  
In such a blissful hour  
I ask not for thy power,  
My God shall comfort me!

SELECTED FOR THE HERALD.

By an attentive correspondent.

Good Wives should be like three things,  
Which three things they should not  
be like."

Good wives to snails should be a-lin,  
Always their houses keep within;  
But not to carry (fashion's hackles)  
All they are worth upon their backs.

Good wives like echoes still should do,  
Speak only when they're spoken to;  
But not like echoes (most absurd)  
To have forever the last word.

Good wives like city clocks should chime,  
Be regular and keep in time;  
But not like city clocks, aloud,  
Be heard by all the vulgar crowd.

We invite the notice of our youthful  
female readers to the subsequent  
article on mental improvement. It is  
certainly worthy their serious con-  
sideration:

The form alone, let others prize,  
The features of the face  
I look for spirit in her eyes,  
And meaning in her air."

The human mind has been hand-  
somerly compared to marble in the quar-  
ry, which shows none of its inherent  
beauties, until the skill of the artist  
smooths and polishes the surface, and  
discovers every ornamental spot cloud  
and vein.—The mind uneducated has  
inherent qualities and powers, which  
often would pass unknown, were it not  
for the developing influence of educa-  
tion. The mental powers are not only  
brought to light by education, but they  
are improved and strengthened, just as  
any of the locomotive organs are by  
exercise. And as mental strength and  
energy are preferable to corporeal, so  
will be the inducements to cultivate  
and practice those means, calculated  
to produce that effect.

Science, as well as a knowledge of  
men and the world, contributes to di-  
vest us of many unreasonable preju-  
dices; it liberates us from errors which  
through ignorance blind the intellect-  
ual eyes of many, enables us to view  
things and peoples in their proper  
light. Nothing can be more unfavour-  
able to the character of a female, than  
those little prejudices which result  
from ignorance, and which represent  
objects to the mind with erroneous  
impressions, and poison it with extran-  
giant superstitions.

The knowledge derived from a good  
education, affords a constant fund for  
conversation, without descending to  
these trivial discourses, to which the  
uninformed necessarily are obliged to  
recort. Not only does it thereby ele-  
vate its possessor above the ignorant,  
but it gives animation to the counte-  
nance and air, without which none can

be really beautiful; for what signifies  
elegance of form, and softness of ex-  
pression, without the sacred inspira-  
tion which the mind alone can give?

"A danask cheek and ivory arm,  
Shall ne'er my wishes wing,  
Give me an animated form,  
That speaks a mind within."

Dear females, let not the season of  
youth be barren of improvements, so  
essential to your future felicity. In  
youth the character of every one, and  
especially of females, is in their own  
power, to give it in some degree  
whatever complexion they will; hence,  
in some measure, they have the direc-  
tion of their own fate. Youth is the  
proper season likewise for cultivating  
the humane and benevolent affections,  
and of subjugating and training the  
passions; for whatever impressions  
are made on the mind in youth, will  
generally be most permanent in sub-  
sequent life. And, whatever may be  
the situation in life, nothing can be  
more necessary to peace and happi-  
ness, than the acquirement of virtu-  
ous dispositions and habits. These  
parts may be acquired by reading  
biography; for by observation and  
reflection upon others, we begin an  
early acquaintance with human nature,  
extend our views on the moral world,  
learn to discern, and correctives of  
judgement, as others obtain only by  
experience."

A frequent association with good  
company is essential to give an eleg-  
ance of manners, and thereby add  
to mental excellence. But company,  
without mental improvement, cannot  
give the value and interest to individ-  
uals, which is so desirable; it alone  
cannot render them good companions,  
good parents, and good citizens. The  
one is useful to us only in the higher  
walks of life; the other will be a treas-  
ure to us, even if our lot should place  
us in the earli-built cottage of the  
forest.

"But oh! where both their charms unite,  
How perfect is the view,  
With every image of delight,  
And graces ever new."

When families have it in their pow-  
er thus to adorn themselves, and in-  
crease their own worth and happiness,  
how careful should they be to improve  
each opportunity to the best advan-  
tage, and how justly in after life, may  
they console themselves if they suf-  
fer the golden hours of youth to pass  
unimproved. No remarks can be more  
true, than that the only way to charis-  
m, is to secure mental improvement.

More personal beauty may fascinate  
the inconsiderate for a day, but like  
the ephemeral flower it fades and  
leaves none of its former delights;  
while beauty of mind increases with  
age, and will brighten in the evening  
of life, when all transient beauties have  
passed away.

For the Village Herald.

Mr. Editor,  
In perusing the 12th number of the  
Herald, my attention was forcibly ar-  
rested, by the eloquence and propriety  
of a simile, contained in a short, but  
well-written essay on Modesty, by  
"Laura." The simile to which I refer  
is contained in the following sentence:

"A female, divested of modesty, may  
with propriety, be compared to "a  
world without a sun." The novelty of  
this comparison, excited my admira-  
tion, not less than its appropriateness;  
and, perhaps, also, the reflection, to  
how many different objects, "a world  
without a sun," has been compared,  
caused me to parkimore particularly.

The propriety of comparing, "a fe-  
male divested of modesty," to "a world  
without a sun," may not, at first view  
be so striking, but a little reflection  
upon the qualities of mod-ty, and its  
influence on the female character; and  
upon the nature of the sun, and his  
powers on the animal world, will serve  
to illustrate the beauty and excellence  
of the similitude.

First, attraction is a quality of the  
sun, so it is of modesty. Next, the sun  
diffuses light, disperses his enlivening  
rays over the world, and unfolds the  
buds of vegetation; so modesty sheds  
a lustre, bright and glowing, around  
the circle, in which it shines, animates  
by its enlivening rays, and has a secret  
but powerful influence, in awakening  
the tender sensibilities of the heart,  
and in producing the germes of sweet  
affection.

The sun's rays may sometimes be  
obscured, by intervening clouds, so  
that his beauteous influence is for a  
time unseen and unfelt, yet he shines  
with equal splendour, though invisible,  
and as soon as the vapours are dis-  
persed, his resplendency will appear  
brighter than ever. So the influence of  
modesty, may for a time, be darkened,  
by the impending clouds of suspicion,  
misrepresentation, falsehood and cal-  
lany; but its virtue and brightness  
are not diminished, and when Truth  
shall clear away those clouds of er-  
ror, modesty shall again shine forth,  
in all its native loveliness.

Laura marked the expression "a  
world without a sun" as a quotation,  
perhaps from Campbell's Pleasures of  
Hope:

"And say, without our hopes, without  
our fears,  
Without the home that plighted love  
endears,

Without the smile from parting beau-  
ty won,  
Of what were man?—A world without  
a sun!"

But the idea was not original with  
Campbell, though considerably im-  
proved by him. He no doubt brovied  
it from the following sentence, in Ci-  
cero's treatise on Friendship: *Solam  
enim e mundo tollere videtur, qui am-  
icitiam e vita tollit*, which, construed  
literally, means, "they seem to take  
the sun from the world, who take  
Friendship from life." With due defer-  
ence to the great talents, genius, and  
learning of Cicero and Campbell, I am  
inclined to think Laura's simile, super-  
ior, in propriety, to either the origi-  
nal of Cicero, or to Campbell's im-  
provement upon the original.

The thought of "a female divested  
of modesty," suggests to the mind a  
dark train of ideas, in some respects,  
not unlike that produced by contem-  
plating "a world without a sun." On  
the contrary, nothing can give us a  
more elevated idea of an interesting  
female, than to say, of her—*Elle n'a de  
rien dans sa conversation, et de la  
domestic dans sa contenance*—She has  
sweetness in her conversation, and  
modesty in her countenance. And we  
finish the portrait of female excellence  
when we can, with truth, add "*Elle n'a  
rien de la femme*."—She has a mind  
highly cultivated. A woman may have  
a highly cultivated mind, with regard  
to literature, but if modesty, the su-  
preme excellence, be lost, she cannot  
have sweetness in her conversation, in  
fine, she is emphatically like "a world  
WITHOUT A SUN." LILLIOS.

From the Hubbell (Me.) Gazette.

THE GLANCE.

"There are some moments in exist-  
ence which comprise the power of  
years, as millions of roses are com-  
pressed into a few drops of their es-  
sence." It is related in the Philadel-  
phia *Album* that a gentleman who had  
been blind many years, consented to  
have an operation performed on his  
eyes, by which he would regain his  
sight for an instant, only to lose it  
again forever. What a moment must  
that be for one, who, having once en-  
joyed the blessed faculty of sight, had  
been for years in darkness! To look  
once more upon the green earth and  
glowing sky, the glory and the love-  
liness of nature, and then to have the  
whole veiled from his eyes in eternal  
gloom—but, not it was not for this  
that he desired to see one instant: it  
was to behold the partner of his joys  
and sorrows, and the little group of  
beings who had grown up around him,  
but on whom he had never looked.

One short glimpse was to be his of  
those objects of his dearest affections,  
of her, whose image was perhaps en-  
graven on his heart in all the glow  
of youthful charms that first won his ad-  
miring gaze, but who might now be  
how changed, and of them who were  
pictured on, in his imagination. From  
the article in the *Album*, which has  
not half the force and feeling the sub-  
ject ought to have inspired, we select  
the following stanzas:

"He saw a soft, a piteous smile  
Beam from his anxious wife;  
He saw the sparkling eyes awhile  
Of those fair buds of life:  
And sight was not; but memory made  
A sketch of all, that could not fade."

"All earth's magnificence, the glow  
Of nature and of art,  
Wealth, beauty, fame, could not bestow  
Such rapture on his heart,  
As that one momentary view  
Of those, the lovely and the true."

Lady Byron and her Daughter.

I knew a great deal of Lady Byron,  
when she lived at—I forget the name  
of the place now, but it is not far from  
Bromely, and thought her a woman of  
masculine understanding, and great  
conversational powers, and strong nat-  
ural good sense, but not altogether  
the wife for lord Byron. She showed  
her sense of propriety by the seclusion  
to which she consigned herself, and  
the dignified silence she invariably  
maintained respecting what may be  
termed "her case." I believe, to her  
most intimate associate, lady Byron  
never breathed her husband's name;  
the reverend ladies in the most casual man-  
ner, to her own peculiar situation. On  
the contrary, she appeared studious-  
ly to avoid all reference to the subject.

Her daughter, Ada Byron, to whom  
I knew a great deal of lady Byron,  
when she lived at—I forget the name  
of the place now, but it is not far from  
Bromely, and thought her a woman of  
masculine understanding, and great  
conversational powers, and strong nat-  
ural good sense, but not altogether  
the wife for lord Byron. She showed  
her sense of propriety by the seclusion  
to which she consigned herself, and  
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most intimate associate, lady Byron  
never breathed her husband's name;  
the reverend ladies in the most casual man-  
ner, to her own peculiar situation. On  
the contrary, she appeared studious-  
ly to avoid all reference to the subject.

worthy of the adoption of every  
mother. I had dined alone with sir  
Ralphand herself; little Ada was with  
us at tea; but at its conclusion lady By-  
ron said "I always gives an hour to my  
daughter every night, before she goes  
to bed, when we talk over the events  
of the day. I find it by far the best in  
the twenty-four for affecting and cor-  
recting the heart." If she was "less  
well" and "mathematical" most assu-  
redly it never appeared in her conver-  
sation. It was that, and that only, of a  
highly accomplished and very well-in-  
formed woman. An incident occurred,  
(I don't choose to divulge it) which  
was perfectly conclusive to my mind,  
that lady Byron was still fondly attach-  
ed to him. And from the account of  
others who knew the facts, I am  
thoroughly satisfied that lord and lady  
Byron might have been living together  
at this very hour, had his life been  
spared, but for the intervention of a  
third person. Lady N. never could  
endure him, and the feeling was re-  
ciprocated. She was perpetually haun-  
ted by the idea that his lordship was  
an unfaithful husband. On the other  
hand, he never spared her; and unhap-  
pily, lady Noel's temper and ungovern-  
ed expressions afforded ample scope for  
the most biting satire and caustic  
irony. Whatever his lordship might  
have been previous to this marriage,  
or since the separation, in the partic-  
ular instance so continually quoted, he  
was grossly misrepresented. I have  
reason to believe, though not from her  
own lips, that lady Byron now feels  
this.

The Living and the Dead.

From the New York Enquirer.

LADY CASE.

John Julius Dandy, Esq., a Millicent  
Maid, Spinner.

This was an action of damages for  
frightening plaintiff's horse.

John Julius Dandy deposed that a-  
bout 12 o'clock on Saturday last, as  
he was riding up Broadway, near Pal-  
ton street, the defendant suddenly  
turned the corner, having on a fash-  
ionable hat, which she had just pur-  
chased, from an importation opened  
that morning by madame Trampourie  
fresh from Paris, that his horse, being  
raw from the country, became, as the  
plaintiff verily believes and testifies on  
oath, alarmed at the sudden apparition  
of the said hat, abruptly wheeled  
round, reared up and trampled him  
from his back into the gutter, to the  
great damage of his person and ap-  
parel.

Zephyr Silkenhale testified that he  
was with his horse, lodged with John Julius  
Dandy, and that the said Dandy, suf-  
fered great injury in his apparel, by  
reason of certain filthy accumulations  
of mud, as per contract of certain in-  
dividuals with the corporation; and  
further that said John Julius Dandy  
kept his bed three days afterwards,  
as he verily believes in consequence  
of said disaster.

Sylvia Silverheels depose, on the  
part of the defendant, that the hat sported  
by Miss Modish, was a fashiona-  
ble hat, such as is now generally worn  
by all persons of the least pretensions,  
from the highest ton to the lowest  
kitchen, and that no horse of any  
blood or breeding would think of be-  
ing frightened at seeing it.

Madame Trampourie deposed that  
the hat was an exact fac simile of one  
worn by the duchess D'Angouleme,  
the last time she took an airing to  
Fontainebleau.

John Julius Dandy cross-examined  
by Mr. Catchall.

Was the horse you rode a blood  
horse?

Can't tell—don't know his pedigree.

Counsel desired the jury to take par-  
ticular note of this.

So you don't know his pedigree you  
say?—No.

Mr. Dandy, I am now going to ask  
you a question which I hope you will  
consider deeply before you answer:  
Did plaintiff wear curls when she  
frightened your horse?

She did.

You are certain of that?—I am.

Very well—that's sufficient.

Zephyr Silverheels cries the examined.

Did John Julius Dandy actually  
keep his bed three days after the ac-  
cident?—He did.

Was it in consequence of actual in-  
jury sustained, or only of fright?

Can't say upon my honour.

Never mind your honour, sir—you  
are under oath now—might not John  
Julius Dandy have kept his bed in con-  
sequence of the damage sustained by  
his costume, rather than from any in-  
jury received in his person.—Had he  
any second suit of clothes to put on,  
while the other was repairing?

Here John Julius gave lawyer Cat-  
chall a look that might stagger the  
learned counsel, and Mr. Silverheels  
appealed to the court to know whether  
he was obliged to answer the question.

The court said by all means, unless  
he would in any way exonerate himself,  
Mr. Catchall then repeated the ques-  
tion.

He had no other suit of clothes.

O hol, then he kept his bed for  
passionately attached to her, and

Madame Trampourie cross-exam-  
ined by Mr. Tongue, counsel for plain-  
tiff.

What was the size of Miss Modish's  
bonnet?

Seven feet three inches round, clear  
of the trimmings.

Is that the usual size?  
The sizes vary—if the lady is be-  
low the middle size, the hat ought to  
be proportionably larger; a lady of four  
feet and a half in height should wear  
a hat twice the circumference of her  
height.

How many yards of trimming do  
you use to the composition of a fashionable  
hat, Madam?

Sometimes more, sometimes less.  
Sixty or seventy yards is the extent.

How many feathers?  
About three dozen.

What quantity of flowers?  
About as much as will fill three  
band-boxes.

How, in the name of wonder, do  
the ladies keep such things on their  
heads?

They hold them fast with their  
hands?

What is the usual price of such a  
hat?

Here Madame Trampourie made a  
low courtesy, and declared she never  
attended to such vulgar matters. The  
ladies paid just what they pleased.

The testimony being closed Mr.  
Tongue addressed the jury with great  
criticism, in a speech six hours long,  
five hours broad, and a quarter of an  
inch deep by actual measurement by  
a stop watch.

Mr. Catchall then rose in behalf  
of the defendant, and made a most  
powerful appeal to the feelings of the  
jury.

The court charged the jury, that if  
they believed the learned counsel for  
the plaintiff, they would find against the  
defendant, if they believed the  
counsel for the defendant, they would  
find against the plaintiff, but if they be-  
lieved neither, they would do just as  
they pleased.

Jury after being out three days and  
three nights, returned, in a conflict of  
disagreement, and were discharged.

VARIETY.

Calamities which have befallen London.

In A. D. 664, the city was ravaged  
by the plague. In 764, 798, 804, and  
1077, it suffered severely by fires. In  
1099, a tremendous hurricane over-  
threw 600 houses. In 1258, 20,000 per-  
sons died of hunger. In 1348, a terrible  
pestilence commenced, which last-  
ed several years, and destroyed about  
100,000 inhabitants.—In 1407, the  
plague carried off 50,000; in 1500, 30,  
000; and in 1603, a greater number.  
In 1665, the great plague carried off  
the persons, according to the bills  
returned, but the real number was  
much greater. The next year a fire  
broke out which destroyed 13,200  
dwelling houses, and the loss was es-  
timated at more than 1,000,000 ster-  
ling. In 1739, 1740, happened one of  
the most intense frosts ever known in  
England.—*Morse's Gazetteer.*

"But"—Monday is set apart, ex-  
clusively, for the accommodations of  
the ladies at the salt water floating  
bath, foot of Warren-street. They  
come out fresh as sea nymphs—glos-  
sy hair, liquid eyes, ruby lips, rosy  
cheeks, and flesh firm and transpar-  
ent."

The above is from the pen of Major  
Nonh, as gallant a bachelor as ever  
slept alone.—*U. S. Gaz.*

Old women, if good humoured and  
lively, are said to be what rains are  
to fresh grapes—withered but preser-  
ved; and appear to advantage in the  
freshest company.

There is always something great in  
that man against whom the world ex-  
claims, at whom every one throws a  
stone, and on whose character all at-  
tempt to fix a thousand crimes with-  
out being able to prove one.

In all disputes between the people  
and their public agents, the presump-  
tion is at least upon a par with the  
people. Experience may, perhaps, jus-  
tify me in saying that they are al-  
ways the aggressors. The people have  
no interest in disorder, and where pop-  
ular discontents have been prevalent,  
it may be well affirmed that some-  
thing has been found amiss in the con-  
stitution or the government. When a  
people do wrong, it is their error, not  
their crime. But with the governing  
party, it is far otherwise.

Edmund Burke.

Law we sometimes call the wisdom  
of our ancestors. But this is a strong  
imposition. It was frequently the dic-  
tates of their passions of timidity, jeal-  
ousy, a morbid desire of spirit, or a lust  
of power, that knew no bounds.

Godwin.

As to the administration of the laws,  
the difference between us and other  
countries is little more than this, that  
there they sell justice by the gross, and  
here we sell it by retail. *Lyttleton.*

"Mr. Tollman," said one who was  
half seas over, to a toll gatherer at the  
end of a toll bridge, "I have been over  
to the village all day, spinning street  
yarn." "I thought so," said the toll  
man, "for I see you are reeling it off  
this evening."

July 10

# 15





































THE PARTERRE.

FOR THE VILLAGE HERALD.

Mr. Editor—The subjoined verses are the production of a female. They were once inserted in a city paper, but perhaps never seen by one of your readers. You will confer a favour by inserting them in the Herald.

JOY.

Welcome—guiltless, bosom treasure,  
Thou canst hopeless cares destroy,  
Scraph sweet, of human pleasure,  
Ever welcome—smiling joy.

Thou' misfortunes still descending,  
Would my earthly peace annoy,  
Let thy influence mildly blending,  
Banish sorrow—welcome joy.

And no more the gloom of sadness,  
Let my youthful heart employ,  
Thou I may sing a while in gladness,  
Welcome ever—smiling joy.

The following lines on the children of Israel's departure out of Egypt, Mr. Pope thought superior to any thing he had ever met with in the English language.

When Egypt's King God's chosen tribes pursued,  
In crystal walls th' admiring waters stood—  
When through the desert wild they took their way,  
The rocks relented and poured forth a sea:

What limits can Almighty Goodness know,  
When seas can harden and when rocks can flow?

We commence, below, the publication of an entertaining tale, which will occupy a part of five or six numbers of our paper. Those of our readers who do not file their papers, would do well to save these numbers till the conclusion of the tale, perhaps they will then think them worthy of preservation.

From the Miscellaneous Register, Geneva, N. Y.

SOPHIA.  
OR THE  
GIRL OF THE PINE WOODS.  
CHAPTER I.

you passed in coming here. He has done every thing in his power to satisfy his creditors—turned out all his property, not reserving even his furniture; but there is one creditor who will not be appeased, do all he can, and as his demand amounts to more than one fourth of all the rest, he has it in his power to keep my father confined, they tell me forever.

"Where does this creditor live?"

"In William-st. New-York." "What is his name?" "Jackson." "What is your father's name?" "Thompson." "The stranger blushed and looked confused. "Did your father ever apply to him as he says, to show no lenity; to him my father has applied repeatedly, and left letters in his charge, to Mr. Jackson; but all to no purpose. Mr. Jackson says he can show no mercy; he has lost enough by such scoundrels already. Here, sir, take a few of these strawberries—we used to get them of the market women, in New York; but here I gather them myself, and sometimes am obliged to carry them to market myself, too, to get a few cents in order to keep my poor father from starving." Here she turned away her head, put her white apron up to her eyes, and he saw her frame convulsed as if weeping.

"Did you ever have any acquaintance with this lawyer, madam?" "Yes, sir, he has been here frequently, on purpose to distress us with terms in suing and cruel." "Is he a married man?" "No, sir; and so much the worse. A man who had a family of his own would not be so unfeeling as he is to the man who has one." "May I ask what his terms are?" Sophia blushed—hesitated—"Nay, Miss, do not be ashamed to tell—perhaps I can do your father some service in this business." "Why, sir, there is a little property willed to me when I come of age, or am married, and the hint, sir, I presume will be sufficient for you to form a conjecture. He told, ugly, disgusting in person, and we removed into this dreary spot as much to avoid him as to curtail our expenses of living. His age might be dispensed with, for the maid acts grows old, and the person who possesses all that is estimable, should never be neglected, but rather more highly esteemed for the maturity of years. But when insolence and vanity appear with a gray head, they become doubly offensive."

"How old is your lawyer, madam?"

"He is not my lawyer, nor my lover, sir—but I should like him to be about forty, and still is a dandy—vain, illiterate, except in technicals of his profession.

At this moment the little dog that lay on the chips before the door, rose up and gave a faint bark, and then wagged his tail. Sophia flew to the window without glass, and cried, "My mother is coming, sir, make yourself easy for a few moments."—Sir the stranger was about departing. The mother shortly entered the door, quite astonished to see a gentleman there alone with her daughter. She was a woman of about forty, elegant in her manners, though clad in faded attire, yet neat and tasty. She passed the compliments due to a stranger and greeted the gentleman with a friendly smile. Her countenance was pale and sad, and her eyes swollen with weeping.

"How is father," said Sophia as she held her mother some water in a white earthen bowl, trembling as she spoke. "Your father is very sick, and some thing better—his fever is turned, and the doctor thinks him out of danger." "O heavens!" said Sophia, and sunk into a rush chair—she has been sick, and we did not know it?" "Your father has been very sick, child, but thank Heaven, he is better—much better. Mr. Tivingsham, the lawyer, has been to see him again, and keeps urging his suit. I am somewhat fearful that he has discovered the way to our retreat; for they told me that he was in town and I thought I saw him looking after me as I ascended the hill and entered the woods. You may think strange, sir, said she, addressing the stranger—"but we have been so harassed—so completely undone, by a wretch who calls himself a gentleman, that we fear him as much as we should a highway man." "Your father, madam, has been telling me something of your situation," said the gentleman rising to go.

As he stood by the door, the old lady eyed him quite closely, and thought she had seen him before. There was something in his look, in his manner, and in all about him, that bespoke the man of benevolence, and inspired confidence. He was about thirty; neither tall nor slender, but he was handsome-faced, and when he smiled, he showed a beautiful set of white even teeth, and two large dimples in his cheeks, which were full, and tinged a little with the flush of health. His large black beard, and dark eyes gave him a look of solitude and manly strength.

HYMEN'S RECRUITING SER-GEANT.

Or the new Matrimonial Tut-Too for the Old Bachelors.

And the Lord said, It is not good for man to be alone.—Gen. c. 2. v. 18.

No verily, nor for the woman neither. But what says the preacher? Why, "I will," says Paul, and Paul you know, was a sound divine "that the young woman marry, and bear their husbands; and raise up good children." 'Tis well said, most noble patriot! Paul may the children of Columbia hearken to thy counsel that there be no more old bachelors in our land, like scrubby oaks standing selfishly alone, while our maidens, like vines, lacking support, sink to the earth; but that, united in wedlock's blessed embrace they may grow up together as the trees of the Lord, whose summits reach the skies, and their branches overspread the nations—making their country the pride and glory of the earth!

I will, that the young people marry, says Paul.

Aye, that's the point, there let us fix our eyes.

There all the honour, all the blessing lies.

For, 1. If you are for pleasure—Marry!

2. If you prize *your health*—Marry!

And even if *wisdom* be your object—Marry!

Now let's to the point, and prove these precious truths. Draw near ye bachelors of the willing ear, while with the gray quill of experience I write,

The Pleasures of the Married State.

Believe me, citizen bachelor, never man yet received his full allotment *heaped up and running over*, of this life's joys, until it was measured out to him by the generous hand of a loving tender wife.

A man with half an eye, may see that I am not talking of those droll matches which, now and then, throw a whole neighbourhood into a *whisper*—that those sources of good people are called together to eat mince pies, and to hear a blooming nymph of *fourteen* promise to take—"for better and for worse"—an old icicle of four score! Or to see the *sturdy growing youth* lavishing amorous kisses on the shivered lips of his *great grand mother* brife! Oh cursed last of pelf! From such matches, good Lord, deliver all firm and true-hearted republicans. For such matches have gone a great way to make those sweetest notes, husband and wife, to sound prodigiously out of tune!—The old husband, after all his honey-moon looks, grants a jealous *beast*, while young Madam, writhes in spite of her coach and lace strings squeaks a scolding treble making, between them, a fine cat and dog concert of it for life!

But I am talking of a match of *truth* between two persons who having virtue to relish the transports of a tender friendship, and good sense to estimate their infinite value wisely strive to fan the delightful flame by the same endearing attentions which they paid each other during the sweet days of courtship. If there be a Heaven on earth we must (next to the love of God) seek it in such a marriage of innocence and love! On the highest list of their felicities, I would now set down, as

The first bliss of *Matrimony*, the charming society, the tender friendship it affords!

Without a friend it is not for man to be happy. Let the old Madeira sparkle in his goblet, and prince-dainties smoke upon his table; yet, if he have to sit down with him no friend, of the love beaming eye, alas the banquet is insipid, and the cottager's "dinner of herbs where love is," is to be craved.

Let the pol'scraping bachelor drive on alone towards Heaven in his solitary sulky, the Lord help the poor man, and send him good speed! But that's not my way of travelling. Not give me a sociable chaise with a dear good angel by my side, the thrilling touch of whose sweetly folding arm may flush my spirits into rapture, and inspire a devotion suited to the place, that *best devotion—gratitude and love!* Yes, the sweetest drop in the cup of life is a friend, but where on earth is the friend that deserves to be compared, with an *affectionate wife*? that *generous creature*, who for your sake has left father and mother, and looks to you alone for happiness—wishes to your society to spend a cheerful day—in your beloved arms to draw her latest breath—and fondly thinks the chambers of the grave will be sweeter when lying by your side! The marriage of two fond hearts in *one united*, form a state of friendship, of all others the most perfect and delightful.—'Tis a marriage of *souls*, of persons, of wishes and interests.

Are you poor? Like another self, she toils and saves to better your fortune. Are you sick? she is the tenderest of nurses; she never leaves your bed side; she sustains your fainting head, and strains your fevered cheeks to her anxious bosom. How luxurious is sickness with such a companion.

Are you prosperous? It multiplies

your blessings ten thousand fold, to share them with one so beloved. Are you in her company? her very presence has the effect of sweetest conversation, and her looks though silent convey a something to the heart of which none, but happy husbands, have any idea. Are you going abroad? She accompanies you to the door—the tender embrace—the fond, lengthened kiss—the last soul melting look—precious evidences of love these go along with you—they steal across your delighted memory, soothing your journey, while dear conjugal love, gives transports to every glance at home, and sweetens every nimble step of your glad return. There, soon as your beloved form is seen, she flies to meet you.—Her voice is music—the pressure of her arms is rapture, while her eyes, Heaven's sweetest messengers of love declare the tumultuous joy that heaves her generous bosom! Arm in arm she hurries you into the smiling apartment, where the *fire* fair blazing, and the vestment warm, the neat apartment and delicious repast, prepared by her eager love, fill your bosom with a joy too big for utterance.

Compared with a life like this, merciful God, how discolorate is the condition of the old bachelor! how barren of all joy! Solitary and comfortless at home, he strolls abroad into company, meeting with no tenderness nor affection to sweeten company, he soon tires, and, with a sigh gets up to go home again. Poor man! his eyes are upon the ground, and his steps are slow; for what house has no attractions. He sees nothing there but gloomy walls, and lonesome chambers.—Alone he swallows his silent supper—he crawls to bed, and trembling coils himself up in cold sheets, sadly remembering that, with tomorrow's joyless sun, the same dull round begins again!

NATURE'S NOBILITY.

We have no copy-right patricians in this country, nor any orders of nobility secured by letters patent; nevertheless the following thoughts may receive an application:

"No man," says Seneca, "is nobler born than another, unless he is born with better abilities, or a more amiable disposition. They who make such a parade with their family pictures and pedigrees are, properly speaking, rather to be called *noted*, or *notorious*, than *noble*, persons."

It is certainly true, as is said by a late English writer, that the greatest instances of virtue and excellence of every kind, have originated in the middle order. "Give me neither poverty nor riches," was a prayer founded on a knowledge of human nature, and fully justified by experience. The middle station affords the best opportunities for the improvement of the mind, is the least exposed to temptations, and the most capable of happiness and virtue.

Virtue is nobility; personal merit, useful, generous, benevolent exertion, the only honourable distinction. The trappings which every tailor can make to clothe a poor puny mortal, add no real dignity. In ages of ignorance they might strike with awe. Those as are no more. Nor will they ever return, notwithstanding the efforts of petty despots to keep the people in ignorance.

God Almighty, who gives his sun to shine with as much warmth and radiance on the cottage as on the palace, hath dispensed the glorious privilege of genius and virtue to the poor and middle classes with a bounty, perhaps, seldom experienced in any of the pretensions to hereditary or official grandeur.

A CURIOUS LOVE LETTER.

Madam,

Most worthy of estimation after a long consideration, and much meditation, on the great reputation you possess in the nation, I have a great inclination to become your relation. On your approbation of this declaration, I shall make preparation to remove my situation to a more convenient station to profess my admiration; and if such obligation is worthy your observation, and obtains commiseration, it will be in aggrandizement, beyond all calculation of the joy and exultation of Yours, Sans Disimulation.

THE ANSWER.

Sir, I pursued your oration with much deliberation and a little constriction to the great inflation of your weak imagination showing your declaration, on so slight a foundation, but after examination and serious contemplation, was the fruit of recreation, or had sprung from ostentation, to display your education by an odd enunciation, or rather multiplication of words of the same termination, though of great variation in their signification. Now, without dispute, your laborious application, to so tedious an occupation, deserves commendation, and thinking imitation a sufficient gratification, I am without hesitation, Yours, Mary Moderation.

No possessions are good but by the good use we make of them. Wealth, which, wealth, power, friends, servants do but help to make our lives more unhappy.—Sir. Wm. Temple.

VARIETY.

A Serap for the Y. Herald.

A celebrated essayist says, "that where the door opened to self-praise, and were Montaigne's maxim to be observed, that one should say as frankly as one thinks I have sense, I have learning, courage, beauty, or wit, such a flood of impertinence would break in upon us as would be wholly intolerable." If we indulge violent indignation against all the people we meet, whose self-consequence is offensive, we may spoil our own tempers; but the world will go on just as it did before.

Thoughts after a Land-Suit.

AN EPIGRAM.

This law, they say, great nature's chain connects;  
That causes ever must produce effects:  
In me behold revers'd, great nature's laws.  
All my EFFECTS lost by a single CAUSE.

Dr. Browne courted a lady unsuccessfully for many years, during which time he every day drank her health; but being observed at last to omit the custom, a gentleman said, "Come doctor, your old toast." "Excuse me," said he, "as I cannot make her Brown, I'll toast her no longer."

THE DILEMMA.

When I'm afflicted with the gout,  
My wife she scolds me night and day,  
Right well she knows what she's about,  
She knows I cannot run away!

Origin of the word "Lady."

Formerly, when the affluent lived all the year round at their mansion in the country, the manor distributed to her poor neighbours with her own hand, once a week or oftener, a certain quantity of bread, and she was called by them the *Leff-day*, that is, in the Saxon, the bread-giver. These two words were, in time, corrupted, and the meaning is as little known as the practice which gave rise to it; yet it is from that hospitable custom that, to this day, the ladies of this kingdom alone serve the meat at their own table.

Lines on the publication of a volume of poems by Mr. Huskond, in sheets, by subscription:

The author's name is sure a bribe,  
To tempt the fair one to subscribe.  
Here each indulgent female meets  
A Husband and what's more—in sheets!  
Here you may turn him over and over,  
He wishes he could please you more;  
But if I please you he be found,  
He's very willing—to be bound.

Shame is a great restraint upon sinners, at first; but that soon falls off; and when men have once lost their innocence, they scarcely are likely to be long troublesome to them: for impudence comes on with vice, and grows up with it. Lesser vices do not banish all shame and modesty; but great and abundant crimes harle men's foreheads, and making them shameless. When men have the heart to do a very bad thing, they seldom want the face to bear it out.—Tillotson.

Improptu—Written by John Fuller, M. P. for Sussex, who was taken in custody on a fast day for a misdemeanor.

Spence diet, as the doctors say,  
Should make the system cooler;  
But better I can tell than they,  
Made fast I still am Fuller.

No man ever offended his own conscience, but first he has been revenged upon him for it.—Scotley.

An upright ruler asks what recommends a man a corrupt ruler who.

He who cannot perform, and scorns him who instantly performs, is idiot and knave at once.

He who reforms himself, has done more towards reforming the public than a crowd of noisy, impotent patriots.

Avoid him who is inexhaustible in excuses when he is called upon to do a good thing, and teems with excuses when he has done a bad one.

Whom smiles and tears make equally lovely, all hearts may court.

Study improves the talents of nature; but conversation brings them into practice, and gives them a further finishing.

An Infallible Remedy for the Teal. Rhe.—A lady of this town has favored us with the following Receipt; which she says has never failed to produce the desired effect and much tried in innumerable instances. Make a solution of Camphor and pulverised Cayenne pepper, dip therein a small quantity of raw cotton and apply it to the afflicted tooth; and it will give instant relief. To prevent the consequence of getting to the throat, lay a bit of rag over the tooth for a few moments.—Wilmington Herald.















# THE PARTHRE.

VARIETY finds in the mind a relief for the world and the sweet.

FOR THE VILLAGE HERALD.

## BY EVENING.

How sweet at evening's pensive hour  
To watch the day declining,  
And Luna rising from her bow,  
In all her beauty shining.  
As o'er the water's limpid face  
Her image calm reflecting,  
She gently smiles with borrow'd grace,  
Each brightest charm collecting.

How sweet the starry choir to view  
In chorus full combining,  
Hymning their nightly concert true,  
In other pure reclining.  
When not a cloud obscures the sky,  
Or ruffling tempest beating,  
Nor gentle zephyr heaves a sigh,  
The solemn stillness greeting.

'Tis then that contemplation soars  
Above earth's fleeting visions,  
And calmly views those peaceful shores,  
Remote from her collisions.  
'Tis then the spirit wings her flight,  
By earthly sorrow driven,  
To wander in the fields of light,  
And seek repose in Heaven.

OCTAVIAN.

FOR THE VILLAGE HERALD.

## A VISION.

Wrapt was my mind, in sadness dire,  
All thoughts of promised bliss were gone;  
Vainly I strove to strike the lyre,  
For naught remained like mirth and song.

To stifle care, and to beguile  
The heavy, lingering, painful hours;  
At eve, I hid to rest awhile,  
Amid the beautiful, woodland bowers.

Here, scarcely were my eye-lids clos'd,  
Ere sweetest music breath'd around;  
And Seraph pure a choir compos'd,  
Whose notes made hill and vale re-sound.

They sang of him whose death atones  
For each who trusts in him below;  
Who suffers meekly, nor bemoans  
His little share of transient woe.

Adazzling sheen o'erspread the bowers,  
Far brighter than the noon-day sun;  
The Seraphs bow'd in glorious powers,  
Jesus, the Son of God, came down.

On me he smiled, as kind as Heaven,  
(My bosom heav'd, with strange delight)  
He said, "Thy sins are all forgiven,  
No more thy Maker's mandates slight."

Then shall no more corroding pains,  
With dire remorse torment thy mind;  
Nor grief disturb life's joyful strains,  
Whilst thou'rt to Heaven's will resign'd."

He cens'd. Each voice was rais'd in praise,  
They wav'd their wings, and flew on high;  
And, forther than the eye could gaze,  
Ascended towards the sapphire sky.  
August 15. LAURA.

In answer to a correspondent's inquiry—When will the story of "Sophia" be concluded?—we can only say, the tale is composed of 11 chapters, of which we give the 5th & 6th to-day; the others will be inserted as we can spare room for them.

From the Miscellaneous Register, Genoa, N. Y.

## SOPHIA.

OR THE

GIRL OF THE PINE WOODS.

CHAPTER V.

It has been mentioned, that in the attack of the stranger in the pine woods, by two men, he shot one of them down; but his fall was more the effect of sudden fright than of severe injury, for he received only a slight wound in the flesh, the ball just grazing the side of his head. These were the two men first mentioned at the cottage. At the time the other two men fired at the stranger, he was in the act of wheeling his horse round, in order to find out the fate of his two first assaults, and this gave them all an advantage over him; otherwise he might have escaped.

The alarm soon spread through the village, that a bold dashing highway robber was caught, and to be examined for commitment, which brought high and low to the inn, as soon as the fog cleared away, and the morning sun began to shew his dazzling countenance above the tops of the surrounding pines. Hearing the bustle, and learning the cause, the man before mentioned, who came in company with the stranger to the village, had decamped in haste, and this strengthened the suspicion against the prisoner, but the fact was, he had only fell in company with him on the road, and did not know who he

was. Of course he was much alarmed at what had taken place, and like a prudent man made off with himself, lest he might be taken for an accomplice.

And now began the scene of examination. Two justices were called in, one with "spectacles on nose"—looked amazing wise—and the other, with a huge volume of law under each arm looked "more wise more learned, more every thing." Two young lawyers volunteered their services in behalf of the people, besides Tivingham. The two justices took their seats behind a large table, and the prisoner was brought forward. The men of law were beautifully supplied with pen, ink and paper, to take minutes. But the presence of the stranger, so different from what they had anticipated, struck them almost speechless. His gentle and manly deportment, his open, frank and innocent countenance, in which there appeared not the least symptoms of guilt and dissimulation, his unexpressed and easy, affable manners, his unobtrusive and tranquil air, excepting when he cast from his keen dark eye the look of contempt at Tivingham—all bespoke the consciousness of innocence; and when he asked for what purpose he was called, and whether there had been any process against him upon complaint under oath, they were all quite confounded.

A lawyer of the village, of high and honourable standing, offered to assist him unasked. After consulting him a few moments, and being well convinced that he was perfectly innocent, he advised him to admit to any examination they wished—and the first question was, that he should tell "who he was and whence he came?" He simply answered, that he was a total stranger in the place, and if he were a rogue, he might assume any name or residence; he could, perhaps, produce more satisfactory proof than his own declaration who and what he was, and taking out his pocket book, gave it unopened to the justices. Tivingham was on the sharp look out, but how was he thunderstruck on discovering the name of Francis S. Jackson, the proprietor and not only that, but abundant evidences and vouchers, showing that he was the only son, and only surviving heir at law, of William Jackson, of New-York, lately deceased.

Tivingham begged to speak to him aside—but no. He had been dragged there as a prisoner and a felon, and he should now see who the felons were. He had been assailed in the night on the highway, and demanded that those who had done it might be immediately secured. All was in confusion. He was willing, he demanded, that his examination should go on—if not that he might be heard on his oath.

The men who brought him there began to think of making off, but the court ordered the constables to take them all into safe keeping, until further orders. They then pleaded for mercy—stated that they were ignorant, brought into the affair, and actually believed at the time, that the stranger was a highway-man, and it was his absolute duty to aid in his apprehension, and that they should have thought they were "doing God service," in putting an end to his career, if in no other way, by taking his life.

At this moment Judge M.—owner of the red mills, the first judicial officer in the county, a very wealthy, and highly respectable gentleman, who had until a few years past, resided in the city of New York, rode up to the door, and inquired if a gentleman was there by the name of Jackson? Being answered in the affirmative, he dismounted and walked in.

On learning what had been transacted, he was greatly astonished, and stated to the bystanders that he had known Col. Jackson from a child—that his father was one of the most respectable merchants in New York, immensely rich, and that his only son whom they had treated as a robber, was one of the best men he ever knew; and his father being dead, and mother also, he was now sole heir of all his property, which amounted to not less than half a million of dollars; and that he had the day before paid him two thousand dollars on a debt due to his father's estate, for the property which he possessed being purchased of him while living. He wanted to know what Col. Jackson had done, and what reason they had for suspecting him a villain.

Mr. Jackson related the whole rise and progress of the affair, with every particular, not forgetting to give Tivingham his true character, and the unspeakable distress which his avarice and his hopes of obtaining Sophia, had brought upon Mr. Thompson and his family. At the same juncture, in came the wife and daughter, leading between them the feeble and emaciated husband and father.

Mr. Jackson flew to his embrace, and the unfortunate man was quite overcome with joy. Tears, and the flattering accents of gratitude, attest- ed his feelings. He had to sit down, for he could not stand—and the wife, the daughter, and the son, were overpowered by the gush of sympathy, as they heard Mr. Jackson tell Mr. Thompson that he was free from all his

embarrassments; and, that provision would be immediately made, to restore them to their former standing; handing Mr. Thompson, at the same time, a handful of bank notes for his present necessities.

Mr. Jackson had seen the sheriff, and ordered him discharged, and his feelings were more intense than ever, when he found out that the "little but in the pine woods had been committed the night before, and been in distress had followed in consequence.

If there is any heaven on earth, it is that which a benevolent man enjoys, when in the golden act of relieving the distresses of his fellow beings, and when surrounded by the objects of his relief. A tranquil joy—a holy rapture comes over the soul, and the "still small voice of peace," whispers to his conscience, "I well done, good and faithful servant."

This serene paradise Mr. Jackson was now enjoying, heightened by the additional anticipation of seeing them all more happy yet. Sophia appeared more interesting to him than ever—

"For beauty's tears are lovelier than her smiles."

and her's were the effusions of gratitude and joy. He sat, not staring, but now and then casting a mild look of contemplative regard, on the object of his solicitude.

Sophia was not one of those ideal beauties that could break all hearts at a glance; but she was one of nature's finished models in a female form. She had

"An eye as when the blue sky trembles through a cloud of purest white"—

and a certain expression of countenance that bespoke the tenderness, the delicacy, and the purity of the soul within.

"Her shape was harmony"—

"But eloquence beneath her beauty falls."

All were silent. Mrs. Thompson, however, arose and ventured to take Mr. Jackson by the hand. She recalled the boy that had been frequently at her house in New York, but she had not seen him since a man, until of her cottage in the pine woods. She knew his father, and his mother, both now in a better world. They had knelt together round the altar, in the holy communion.

The scene was pathetic, and drew forth the tears of all present, except Tivingham, who had attempted to excuse himself, but was cut short by Mr. Jackson, who bid him instantly to be gone, a disgrace to the honourable profession of the law, and to let his conscience be his only tormentor. Then turning to his coadjutors, "I forgive you," said he, "on account of your ignorance, and you may all go about your business."

## CHAPTER VI.

Every man present highly applauded the magnanimous conduct of Col. Jackson, and Tivingham sneaked off to enjoy the reward of a highway principal villain—the contempt of society. Mr. Jackson, tendered him his legal fee for what business he had done for his father, as he was mean enough to accept it. "There are too many of such fellows," said Mr. Jackson, "who fatten on the spoils of honest misfortune, and who bring into disrepute one of the most laudable callings in the world, by their mean and making schemes, in taking the advantage of the ignorant, the weak and the unsuspecting—prostituting their legal acquirements to sordid purposes of speculation. A lawyer ought to be a gentleman in every sense of the word, and despise the low arts of a mere pettifogger, however lucrative such practice may prove for the moment. But Tivingham is, I confess, on the whole, somewhat excusable, if an attachment for what he could not otherwise obtain, produced his motive in oppressing the father of Sophia. Love is desperate, they say."

As he pronounced this sentence, he cast a look to Sophia. She blushed, and replied—"It must be a strange kind of love, that would prompt a man to make himself completely hateful, in order to gain her favour." "True," said he, and the subject ended.

"I shall not leave the village," said Mr. Jackson, "if I see you are provided with a good house, and every thing else necessary to make you happy."

The fact was, the father of Mr. Jackson had once been saved from ruin, by the hand of this same Mr. Thompson, who had served in his counting-house, as a clerk for a few months, and this was well known to his son. And although the old gentleman had been made so far doubtful of Mr. Thompson's upright conduct, through the false reports that Tivingham had raised, as to order him prosecuted, yet being gladly unswayed, he had, as he fore stated, ordered the suit discharged, and intended to forgive him the debt. The son was still more noble than the father—He meant not only to cancel that demand, but to pay all his other ones—and not only so, he meant to reward his former good offices, by placing him in a situation above want and anxiety.

We shall not say that there was an

other motive which operated on Mr. Thompson, the welfare of Sophia. But the heart of that gentleman was not ensnared by any previous engagements. He had never seen one before the "Girl of the Pine Woods," as he always called her in future; that had so much interested his thoughts, if not his affections. Why, he could not tell—but he felt something about his heart which created uneasiness, at the idea of parting. He stayed, and kept staying from day to day, for several weeks, and the longer he remained in the society of the family and the fair one, the more painful were the thoughts of separation.

At length he suggested the plan of Mr. Thompson removing to New York with his family, and offered to advance him a capital of ten thousand dollars to commence his former business, if he so wished, besides paying all his debts, his expense in moving, and a present of a thousand dollars for old acquaintance sake.

Mr. Thompson and the whole family were overwhelmed with a sense of gratitude for his generous proposals, and one month was appointed for the time when Mr. Thompson and his whole family, were to be in New York.

The next day Mr. Jackson was to depart, and he spent the evening in a walk with Sophia, when he frankly disclosed the secret of love, and it is scarcely necessary to say, that the timid maid evinced no symptoms of a contrary passion. It was, however, agreed to suspend the union of hearts till the marriage until at least a twelve month.

He left the place the next morning, leaving with Mr. Thompson the thousand dollars.

How soon in darkness night may rise On those who look to heaven for aid, With broken hearts and weeping eyes, Of life—but not of death—afraid. How soon may troubled waters pass, And limpid streams of pleasure flow, Reflecting virtue, like a glass, In all the loveliness of wo, And bearing every grief away.

On the smooth surface of his vice, And washing pure those moulds of clay That told the current where to glide. Triumphant o'er assailing vice And all the wickedness of hell, Unspotted innocence—whose price Not all the tongues of earth can tell, Shall taste beneath—shall soar above, And there in blessedness partake The joys of never sated love. The lover that will ne'er forsake, Hence let the virtuous firmly trust, In Heaven, thro' every stormy blast: For God, all-merciful and just, Will banish every cloud at last.

And let the fair one learn to know, And justly prize the mortal charm, That wins the heart not lights a glow Of beauty at the least alarm— That innate modesty of mien, Which all the powers of man controls, Where glowing sentiment is seen Just issued from the saint of souls. External beauty may attract, And hold the gazing eye in chains As hire—but let reflection act, And no captivity remain.

Internal purity must spread A lustre o'er the perfect form— A rainbow round the virgin's head, When lovers fulminate a storm— Or all the graces of the sex Are lost—too too unsexedly prove To hold their empire or perplex With little tender snares of love. There is a charm that must intrude— A something never yet defined— That awes, delights and conquers all: The power and majesty of MIND.

Mr. Thompson and his family remained in quarters at the Inn, not thinking it worth while to purchase furniture and hire a house for so short a stay.

Some of the young ladies in the village, who had treated Sophia during her disastrous hours with coldness and scorn, now began to call on her with excuses and congratulations. But she had learned to appreciate such friendship, and had the firmness to tell them to go next to the devil, but she could not dissemble. She "could not carry smiles and sunshine in her face," when a sense of the insults she had received from them "sat heavy on her heart."

The consequence was a united determination among them to defeat the hopes of Sophia, by destroying the confidence of Mr. Jackson in her virtue.

The plans which they concerted for this purpose, will be disclosed in the next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Scrap for the V. Herald.

The following lines are from the British Museum of 1770. They were written on seeing a lady writing verse, with a hole in her stocking.

To see a lady of such grace,  
With so much sentiment such face,  
So slatternly is stockinging—  
O! if you would with Venus vie,  
Your pen and poetry lay by,  
And learn to mend your stocking.

The subsequent story is selected from the "Varieties of Literature." The selector thinks it would make a pretty poetical tale. It would yield an elegant description, and a pleasing moral, that the bee only rests on the natural beauties, and never fixes on the painted flowers, however imitating the colours may be laid on. This applied to the Ladies, would give it piquancy. Will any of our correspondents essay the task? But let us first give the story.

SOLOMON AND SHEBA.

"I recollect a pretty story, which in the Talmud or Gemara, some Rabbi has attributed to Solomon. The power of this monarch had spread his wisdom to the remotest parts of the known world. A private scholar in general, passes his life in obscurity, and poverty—a solitary consolation, spreads his name to the most distant regions. But when a king is a student, the case is reversed—Queen Sheba, attracted by the splendour of his reputation, or, more probably, urged by an insatiable curiosity, visited this political king at his own court, with the sole intention of asking him questions. The Rabbi does not inform me, whether her examination was always made in the chamber of audience; there is reason to suspect they frequently retired, for the solution of many a hard problem, to the philosophic solitude of a private cabinet. But I do not intend by any means to make this work, (as Lord Lyttleton answered to a curious female concerning his history) "a vehicle for unqualified scandal."

It is sufficient, that the incident I now relate passed as Solomon sat surrounded by his court. At the foot of the throne stood the inquisitive Sheba; in each hand she held a wreath of flowers; the one composed of natural, the other of artificial flowers. Art, in the labour of the mimic wreath, had exquisitely imitated the lively hues and the variegated beauties of nature; so that, at the distance it was held by the queen for the inspection of the king, it was deemed impossible for him to decide—as her question imported—which wreath was the natural? The sagacious Solomon seemed poised; yet, to be vanquished, though in a trifle, by a trifling woman, irritated his pride. The son of David, who had written treatises on vegetable productions from the cedar to the hyssop, to acknowledge himself outwitted by a woman, with shreds of papers and glazed paintings! The honor of the monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished; and the whole Jewish court looked solemn and melancholy. At length, an expedient presented itself to the king; and, it must be confessed, worthy of the natural philosopher. Observing a cluster of bees hovering about a window, he commanded that it should be opened, the bees rushed into the court, and immediately alighted on one of the wreaths, while not a single one fixed on the other. "The decision was not then difficult, the learned Rabbi shook their heads in rapture, and the baffled Sheba had one more reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon."

My wife has died and gone to dust,  
A useful wife to me;  
For not a soul alive, I trust,  
Has dy'd so much as she.  
To dye indeed was all her pride,  
For three-score years and four;  
She dy'd each day—she liv'd and died  
When she could live no more.

Her name was up for dying well,  
And well known was her stall;  
The hose she dy'd were sure to sell,  
When hose were sold at all.  
But she grew old, I know not why,  
Her dying days were past;  
So e'en for want of hose to dye,  
She died herself at last.

The English Language.—The difficulty of applying rules to the pronunciation of our language may be illustrated in two lines, where the combination of the letters *ou gh* is pronounced in no fewer than seven different ways.

*ough*, *of*, *up*, *ow*, *oo*, and *oug*.  
Though the tough cough and the hic-  
ough plough me through,  
O'er life's dark slough my course I still  
pursue.

Poetic.—There are three kinds—that which we yield, that which we lend and that which we pay.—We yield it to the weak from interest, and we pay it to the deserving from gratitude.

Who writes as he speaks, speaks as he writes, looks as he speaks and writes—is honest.  
Who writes an illegible hand, is commonly rapid, often impetuous in his opinions, and speaks with confidence and unblushingly, and speaks with timidity in the presence of the good—seems to be close allied to baseness.

Who writes with insolence when anonymous and unknown, and speaks with timidity in the presence of the good—seems to be close allied to baseness.

Who writes as he speaks, speaks as he writes, looks as he speaks and writes—is honest.

# THE VILLAGE HERALD.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN S. ZIEGLER, PRINCESS ANNE, SOMERSET COUNTY, MARYLAND.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1827.

NO. 25.

## Terms of Publication.

The Village Herald is published weekly at \$2.50 per annum, or at \$10.00 per annum in advance. It is sent by mail and subject to postage. It is not to be paid half-yearly in advance. No subscription taken for a shorter period than six months; none discontinued unless at the editor's discretion. All arrears are paid at once. Failure to notify a discontinuance will be invariably considered as a new engagement.

Advertisements not exceeding a square, will be inserted three times for \$1.00, and 25 cents for each continuance; those exceeding a square in the same proportion.

Advertisements of 10 or 20 squares, shall appear in the paper next morning.

Persons advertising must limit the time of insertion, otherwise their advertisements will be continued and charged accordingly.

All communications addressed to the editor must come post paid.

**The Greek General in Chief.**—Sir Richard Church, the present commander of the Greek land forces, is an Irish descent and distinguished himself in the war between England and France. He raised a regiment in the Ionian islands, which was called the Greek light infantry. After the peace of 1813, he entered into the Neapolitan service, as general of the eastern provinces of Naples; was afterwards appointed to command the Neapolitan forces in Sicily, and escaped with difficulty from the revolution in Palermo, was imprisoned in the castle of Naples by the people, and released only when their cause declined. Since that time he has been out of employment. He is generally considered an object of great curiosity and sagacity. Such is the history of the present commander of the Greek land forces, as the papers give it.

**The Greek Admiral.**—The *Chilodochi* gives a sketch of the past life of Lord Cochrane. Some time after Bonaparte's exile to Saint Helena, an account appeared in a London paper of important political events on the continent, which was a translation of a notice in the *Chilodochi*. The notice was signed to L. and traced to Lord Cochrane. It was to be expected, and was intended to pay a tribute to the hero of the sea. Lord Cochrane, who had been in the military service, had been lately promoted to the rank of admiral. Lord Cochrane left the country, and returned to the port of London. He was a man of great energy and ability, and was a great favorite of the people. He was a man of great energy and ability, and was a great favorite of the people. He was a man of great energy and ability, and was a great favorite of the people.

The manner in which cross-examinations are conducted in Courts of Justice has been often complained of, and especially where women have been subject to it. The extreme to which it is sometimes carried certainly exceeds the bounds of that license for detecting truth which the construction of the law contemplates. As far as the obvious and real object of the cross-examination tends to elicit truth, we make no objections, though we think even in this respect less importance might be introduced, and more decency might be observed. Some respect ought to be paid to their retiring habits, and some allowance for their less robust temperament. We mention whether a final witness of this description be examined to be fair or legitimate to put questions merely for the sake of embarrassment, in order where the witness's evidence is perfectly intelligible, to discolour the truth; an inference of equivocation, and to divert the minds of the jury by directing their attention to it. Where the question put is obviously meant

merely to embarrass by some circumlocution or baseless presumption, and where the object is to pervert truth rather than elicit it, it is our opinion that the *judge or jury ought to interfere*, and that the witness (having already answered plainly and straight forwardly) would be justified in calling on the judge to protect not himself only but the cause of justice from being discoloured or perverted by a mere piece of wordy elegance.—*Truth Teller.*

**Remember the Sabbath Day.**—A fatal accident occurred yesterday, on board of the sail boat Paul Jones, which left here in the afternoon for the Narrows, Staten Island, a lady on board having accidentally dropped her corset, and having been immediately sprung from the boat and one of the crew in securing the sheet. The boat immediately put about towards her relief, but unfortunately the current being so strong, she sunk before they could reach her.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

**Bank Note Exchange.**—Communicated agreeably to the latest regulations, we have the honor to announce that the following banks are authorized to exchange their notes for gold and silver at the office of the Bank of the United States, in New York.

**FOR RENT.**—A HOUSE and LOT in the town of Princess Anne, formerly the property of Mrs. Mary Milleville, &c.

**ALSO,**—A HOUSE and LOT in the town of Princess Anne, formerly the property of Mrs. Mary Milleville, &c.

**NOTICE.**—The subscriber will offer at public auction, on Tuesday the 2nd day of October next, between the hours of 12 and 2, at Mr. Jones's Tavern, in the town of Princess Anne, the following property to wit: The tract of land called Mary's Resolution, containing 500 acres, more or less, one negro girl Mary, one boy Adam, one do. Nathan, one girl Rachel, one do. Eliza, two horses, two yoke of oxen, one negro man Bill, one do. Samuel, Frank, one woman Panny, one do. Martha, and one boy David, to be sold on the above day at the property of said Alexander Jones, to satisfy the above claims, and costs, fees, and officers fees for the years 1826 and 1827. Terms cash.

**SHERIFF'S SALE.**—By virtue of a writ of Venditioni Exponas, issued out of Somerset County Court, and to me directed, Elizabeth Rencher against Alexander Jones, and Mary James use of Edward Austin against Alexander Jones, will be sold at the Court-house door, at Princess Anne, on Tuesday the 15th day of September next, between the hours of 2 and 3 o'clock, P. M. the following property to wit: The tract of land called Mary's Resolution, containing 500 acres, more or less, one negro girl Mary, one boy Adam, one do. Nathan, one girl Rachel, one do. Eliza, two horses, two yoke of oxen, one negro man Bill, one do. Samuel, Frank, one woman Panny, one do. Martha, and one boy David, to be sold on the above day at the property of said Alexander Jones, to satisfy the above claims, and costs, fees, and officers fees for the years 1826 and 1827. Terms cash.

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**PROPOSALS.**—BY P. PRICE, JR. No. 66 Lombard Street, Philadelphia, for publishing a Literary Souvenir, to be called

**THE SOUVENIR.**—Published with splendid Quarto Engravings.

This work is intended as an agreeable and instructive companion for the parlor, and an appropriate attendant at the toilet; the first number was to have appeared on the first Wednesday in this month.

No exertion will be spared to render the SOUVENIR, in all respects worthy of the patronage of the public, both as a cheap and elegant entertainment of useful and interesting information, and a valuable repository of choice specimens of miscellaneous literature. Strict attention will be bestowed on the moral tendency of the Souvenir, and a constant watchfulness preserved over the interests of virtue.

A portion of the contents will be as follows:—TALES: original and selected. ESSAYS: moral, humorous and scientific. POETRY: Original and selected from the best American and Foreign Publications; Biographical Sketches of distinguished persons, male and female, particularly the latter, anecdotes, bon-mots, &c. The original matter necessary for this department of our paper will be furnished by individuals who are advantageously situated to the public, through the medium of their literary productions, besides the numerous correspondents who may be expected to contribute.

MISCELLANY: Interesting items of intelligence, original and domestic occurrences, deaths, marriages, &c. ENIGMAS: The last number of every month will be embellished with a splendid quarto Copperplate Engraving, fitted to the size of the work, among which will be the following:—

Alhambra, Ancient Palace of the Moorish Kings in Spain. View of the Permanent Bridge over the Schuylkill. Eden, from the Gardens of the Prince of Brunswick. View of St. Petersburg. Arch Street Ferry, Philadelphia. Parable, imagined by Alvarado. Giant's Causeway and Bridge of Belian.

State Prison, Auburn, N. Y. Tyndal Hill, Isle of Man. Burning Fountain one of the seven wonders of Uaupes. Gratto of Ose's. Temple of Philo. Font du Gard, near Nismes, Langue-doc.

Sausage's ascent of Mount Blanc. Cascade near a town in Langue-doc. Desert of the Great Gobi. East Prospect of Giant's Causeway. Castle of Segovia. Lake of Killarney from Kenmare Park.

Each subscriber will be furnished yearly with 12 superior Copperplate Engravings, the price of which is purchased singly would more than equal the annual cost of the work in the work.

**THE TOILET.**—In addition to the usual literary matter contained in similar publications, the proprietor has completed an arrangement, by which he will be enabled to furnish correct descriptions of the prevailing fashions, both foreign and domestic, illustrated with elegant engravings, besides the regular series once in each quarter; pieces of fashionable beauty, sketches of life, manners, &c. at the earliest possible period, and from the most authentic sources.

Editor's department, Notice of passing events. The Drama: New publications, Criticisms, Reviews, &c.

**TERMS.**—The Souvenir will be published every Wednesday morning, on extra morning free white paper, printed with new and elegant type, and decorated, in addition to the engravings alluded to above, with many appropriate cuts, illustrations, &c. Each copy will comprise eight pages, not, styled and expressly adapted for family use. At the expiration of every year, or the close of a volume, subscribers will be furnished gratis with a general index of the contents, and a handsomely engraved title page.

Price of subscription \$2.50 per annum, payable in advance. The Copperplate engravings will be superadded by the Publisher, and the typographical part of this work will be under the exclusive direction of Messrs. Atkinson and Alexander, who have so long been known to the public as able and enterprising artists; and the publisher binds himself, in case he should fail to perform any essential part of his undertaking, to refund the price of subscription.

July 13—aug 7

At the Office of the Village Herald.

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THE VILLAGE HERALD.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN S. ZIEBER, PRINCESSES-ANNE, SOMERSET COUNTY, MARYLAND.  
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1827.  
NO. 26.

THE PARTERRE.

VARIETY leads into the midst a relief for the soul and the heart.

OF LOVE.

The night her middle journey held,  
And Aretos in Bootes wheel'd;  
The race of mortals every where  
In deep repose was fast asleep;  
Love, coming then, knock'd at my gate,  
"Who's there? Who knocks?" I cried,  
"so late,  
Searing my dreams of such a rest?"  
"Do open the door," the spirit said,  
"I'm not a child, pray be not afraid."  
All dripping wet, in weary plight,  
I wander thro' the moonless night.  
When this I heard, my heart was sore;  
I lit my lamp, unbar'd the door,  
And let a winged child I sped,  
With low and quiver by his side,  
Set by the fire, with fanning care  
I chaf'd his hands, and wrung his hair.  
Broom as he was warm and dry,  
"Come, now," says he, "I think I'll try."  
You see this how of mine!—I'd him  
Know if 't be damag'd by the rain.  
He drew the string, and, 'twang! the  
dart  
Struck, like a gadfly, thro' my heart.  
He skipt and laugh'd—"Mine host!"  
said he,  
"My host you want!—I'll be with you!  
But thy poor heart—now will it be?"  
Zed—

WOMAN.

Once on a time, to forests wild,  
Remote from public view,  
An aged sire his gentle child  
In infancy withdrew;  
That peaceful and secluded shade,  
And the silent grove,  
The boy might shun each female snare,  
And never learn to love;  
But soon as years had roll'd away,  
And fancy's power began,  
He sought the haunts of man.  
The youth beheld the rapt scene,  
In joy and wonder lost.  
But woman a soft, attractive wile  
Beguiled his eye the most.  
"What beautiful form is this," (he  
cried),  
"That looks so heavenly sweet!"  
"A bird, my son," the sire replied,  
"Unknown in our retreat."  
"Oh! would it," said the youth, "but  
be  
To our sequestered cell,  
And there in solitude with me  
Forevermore dwell!  
Together through the woods we'll  
stray,  
And build the self-same nest;  
I'll wait all the loving day,  
And clasp it to my breast."

SOPHIA.

Or the Girl of the Pine Woods.  
CHAPTER I.  
Mr. Thompson came home and told  
his family what measures were in op-  
eration to prove his daughter's inno-  
cence, and they all agreed to wait the  
issue with patience. But—  
The sun just breaking through the  
gloom,  
Began to smile a shining day.  
When the stars still a darker dawn,  
And ere the stars all passed away,  
The sun's angry glow appeared.  
Fast rising with portentous dread,  
On black and ragged wings it stood,  
And hung its terrors o'er their head.

The reader will recollect its having  
been previously said, that Sophia was  
only about twelve years old, when her  
father removed into the country. She,  
however, had been sent two years to  
a boarding school at Bethlehem,  
in Pennsylvania, and her education  
was completed at about fifteen. She  
made remarkable proficiency in all  
her studies, and was highly accom-  
plished in all those arts of refinement  
which embellish the female charac-  
ter. Still she was as unassuming as an  
infant, and as free from all affecta-  
tion as the purest of her kind, so that  
she could scarcely fail to ensure the  
heart.

Although she secluded herself as  
much as possible, yet a young gentle-  
man of great pretensions—  
"Fell dreadfully in love, poor  
soul!"  
Sighing and hooting from his lonely  
hole—  
where he was employed in quill-driving  
as a clerk, to the president, and ac-  
cordingly determined to work her up  
to the pure love he professed; for Sophia  
rejecting all his pretences with con-  
tempt, not because he moved in an  
honorable sphere, but because he was  
too ignorant to know that he was im-  
pudent. He was however of gentle  
appearance, and a pretty respectable  
family, with whom Mr. and Mrs.  
Thompson were acquainted. But he  
had been prenticed in all respects, the  
heart of Sophia was preoccupied, and  
that was enough.  
Finding a repulse at every attack,  
and being in great eagerness for victory,  
he resolved on a wicked strategy.  
He went to the parents, and  
solicited permission for the daughter  
to take a ride with him a few miles

into the country, in a tandem gig, in  
company with several other young  
gentlemen and ladies, who had made  
up a party of pleasure, composed  
of some of the first young people in the  
city, whom he named quite flippant-  
ly.

For the benefit of Sophia's health,  
and not wishing to offend the young  
man, the parents consented and per-  
suaded their daughter to go.

This was in the morning, and they  
were to start precisely at ten o'clock.  
In the afternoon, for King'sbridge, a  
bout fifteen miles.  
She was ready at two o'clock, but  
no partner appeared yet. She waited  
three, and then, when the hour ap-  
proached, the beau appeared  
before the door, in his tawdry style,  
in high glee. He pretended that he  
had been detained by an accident, and  
begged pardon for the de-  
lay.

Sophia skipped into the gig with  
apparent pleasure and left the de-  
voted vehicle.  
"With clattering, dashing, rapid flight,  
Till all was fairly out of sight."  
But instead of steering for King's-  
bridge, he took the road leading to-  
wards New-Haven, in Connecticut.  
The whole driving party, and in par-  
ticular the company had gone on  
before, and he was listening to over-  
take them.

Sophia did not know the way, and  
did not suspect any deception, until  
they had travelled about three hours,  
and it began to grow towards the  
close of the day; when Mr. Quill-driver  
drove up to a public house, and or-  
dered some refreshments for them, and  
for his horse.  
He conducted Sophia into a room,  
and presented her a glass of wine.  
She trembled, looked pale, and in-  
quired with a faltering voice, where  
they were, where were the party, and  
how much farther they had to go?  
"That," he said, "it would be ex-  
cessive to travel farther after night."  
He answered these inquiries, by  
saying, he had taken a circuitous  
route for the pleasure of riding, but  
he should now alter his course direct-  
ly for the place where the company were  
to meet, and that they would soon be  
there. "He smiled," he said, "as  
time, there would be a moon, and they  
could return in season, and with plea-  
sure."  
He called for his gig, handed So-  
phia into it, sprang in himself, and  
drove off, keeping much the same  
course as before.

Sophia who had not been very well  
satisfied with his answer, began to be  
more alarmed than ever, especially as  
the night was approaching, and she in  
a strange part of the country. She  
however disguised her fears, and said  
nothing.  
At length Van Dornum, such was  
his real name, brought her to a  
small call farm, where he wished to  
stop for the night.  
"Sophia, you will forgive the trick  
I have played upon you, when I  
dare in the presence of your father,  
to love for you, above all earthly objects  
without you. Until we are joined in  
wedlock, or joined in death, I shall ne-  
ver be your husband. I now give you  
choice, to leave me, or to remain where  
there was no party to pleasure  
form—it was all a stratagem of my  
own. Your virtue shall not be availed of,  
that is not my object. You must be  
wiser than I was, and you shall be  
eternally my friend."  
Here he paused.  
"This is a man, it brings me to an  
end."  
If you refuse to make me happy by  
marriage this night, your father shall  
accompany me to the states of  
death.

These words were uttered in a man-  
ner so calm and so firm, as to rouse  
the indignation and pride of Sophia,  
and she refused to leave him. The horses  
were on a slow walk, in a bye road  
through a thicket of woods, and it was  
dark. She sprang in an instant from  
the carriage, and entered into a black  
et, like a hare pursued by hounds.  
He leaped after her, and the but a  
started on a full run, with the empty  
gig, and soon dashed into a dense and  
labyrinthine thicket. The darkness was  
pitch, and all the while she was in the  
piece of ground, full of quagmires,  
and her horse and not got on before,  
he found himself up to the chin in one  
of those clay-pits that are very com-  
mon in this country.

POETICAL TRIADS.  
Mr. Owen Pugh, the Welsh bard,  
being called upon by the opinion of  
the requisites of a Poet, wrote on the  
spot the following Parody on the Bardic  
Triads.

The three primary requisites of  
poetical genius—An eye that can see  
nature: a heart that can feel nature;  
and a resolution that dares follow na-  
ture.

The three final intentions of po-  
etry—Luce of goodness, increase of  
understanding, and increase of de-  
light.

The three dignities of poetry—The  
true and wonderful, the beautiful and  
the wise, and the union of art and na-  
ture.

The three advantages of poetry—The  
remembrance of the past, the memory of  
what is remarkable, and the invigora-  
tion of the affections.

The three purities of poetry—Pure  
truth, pure language, and pure  
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The three purities of poetry—Pure  
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conception.

correlation ring fly from a fair hand,  
owing to the rude pressure of an un-  
handy bean, or by burying the on-  
mond or garnet in the finger, to pro-  
duce an exclamation too confusive of  
the ardour of the address. Every one  
has heard the complaint of two gen-  
tlemen seated on each side of a lady,  
each flattering himself that he posses-  
sed the hand of the fair one, till they con-  
vinced one another of the mutual mis-  
take, by squeezing the hand out of their  
own eight fingers. But not one of my  
gentle readers, I dare say, would be  
at a loss to recall a similar contri-  
tion of his own when a novice in the tender  
passion, he had rather trust his fin-  
gers with the secret than his tongue.  
There is an ingenious writer in this  
magazine, who  
"Has some stout notions on the kiss-  
ing score."  
I am not at all inclined to agree with  
him, being myself a downright mon-  
omaniac. Let the lip and the heart go  
together but to one I protest against  
kissing three hundred cousins four  
times a year, twice at Christmas and  
twice at Whitsunide. It is by far too  
much of a good thing.

IRONY.—The best position in  
church in time of prayer, is to stand  
bolt upright with your back to the  
clergyman. By this means you will not  
only see the fashions, but observe if  
those in the rear behave with becom-  
ing decency and solemnity. While the  
blessing is pronouncing, get your hat  
ready—rush the dirt off your shoes  
with your handkerchief, and blow your  
nose with a fashionable emphasis. It  
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THE PARTISAN.

From the Christian Advocate & Journal.
MILLENNIUM.
Life to death, and death to sin.

Now ambition feeds on blood,
Now interperence like a flood
Urges its ceaseless way.

Then no more shall man delight,
In the fierce and bloody fight,
Scorn of men from shore to shore.

Now the youth in sin are gay,
Men the word of God gain;
Now deceit and fraud abound.

Then fly waters, Jerusalem,
Be like a dove;
Israel's scattered tribes from far.

Then the lame shall nimbly leap,
Dumb no longer silence keep,
Barren deserts shall blossom.

PETARCH.
Petarch has been pronounced
Untranslatable; but an English lady
Has translated a few of his sonnets
With success for private circulation.

A tender palmer stealing o'er her cheek
Veiled her sweet smile, as 'twere a
Passing-blow.

That in my eyes my full soul strove to
Speak.
Then I saw the spirit of the
Bliss.

Communion hold in heaven—
Beauteous scene
That gliding thought, by every eye
Was seen.

HEAVENLY RUSES.
On death's-scent and fadeless bloom,
First travel'd thro' the lower earth,
And entered heaven by the tomb.

UNFATHOMS.
Whom would itself can force untruths
To tell.
My soul detests him as the gates of
Hell.

FEMALE PREACHING.

The celebrated Miss Livermore
delivered her "testimony," as she calls
it, at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon,
in the great room of Tammany Hall.

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A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

When in the course of human events
it becomes necessary for one people
to dissolve the political bonds which
have connected them with another...

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REMA.

It is a fact, and justice, that
the three longest reigns in English
History have been those of three
kings each the third of their respective
names.

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THE TWO SISTERS.

At four o'clock next morning, honest Thomas
called them up, and set forward for Orleans, on the road he took
care to provide them with good food, simple...

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ANAGRAMS.

An anagram is the dissolution of a
word or sentence into its elements,
and then making some other word or
sentence from it...

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THE SKEIN OF BELGRADE.

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery basing Belgrade's
Cossack commanders cannonading...

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REMARKS.

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CHRISTIANITY IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.

The consolations of Christianity
form one of its most delightful accompaniments.
Their value is not generally appreciated till
heart and flesh begin to fail...

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THE SOUTHERN PREMIUMS.

To obtain for "The Southern"
a portion of choice original matter,
and at the same time bestow our note
of encouragement on native talent...

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## THE PARTISAN.

VARIETY insinuates into the mind a relish for the useful and the sweet.

### STANZAS.

There is a place beyond the skies,  
Where happy spirits dwell—  
Where plights of sorrow never rise—  
Where none of sorrow tell;

A place where seraphs, round the  
Of Jesus and the Lamb, [throng  
The conquests of that Saviour own,  
Who is the great I AM.

That Saviour who their ransom paid;  
Who died to set them free;  
A sacrifice for them was made,  
And suffered on the tree.

To Him their constant praises rise—  
To Him all praise is given,  
In that blest place beyond the skies,  
And that blest place is HEAVEN.

ALEXIS.

FOR THE VILLAGE HERALD.

A Dictionary of Love Gallantry.

ATTRIBUTES.

A flattering term, for great use to advance one's affairs: for however varied a fine lady may be in the love-language, it is hard for her to conceive that when applied to herself, it may not signify, as formerly it did, an assemblage of charms and perfections that constitute a beauty. Thus, when a lover whines out "Nay 'tis impossible to resist such attractions," this phrase, duly construed, imports, "If all the soft trash I have expended upon you is not yet able to touch you, I have a reserve lung, which you will with all your cunning, be hardly able to parry; and this is it"—The attractions, charms, enchanting beauty, are left in a valley, and never fail of doing wonderful execution.

BARBAROUS.

A word of great sound, and little meaning, to express the discontent of a lover. How barbarous you are, my lady, "You surprise me I did not expect such a long resistance; my pride begins to murmur at it."

NEAT.

A common word to express a medley character and for one who makes dress his principal attention, under an utter impossibility of ever succeeding; as may be demonstrated by the following plain syllogism, of which the beauty of poetry may be excused for the sake of its justice.

Nofol can do any thing well.  
None but a fool will make dress the business of his life.  
A fool therefore cannot dress well.  
And this is so strictly true in fact that there never was nor probably ever will be, a beau well dressed.

This advantage can only be attained by the men of sense, far above either the weakness of making a point of dress, or even not consulting the proprietor of it, to his age, character, fortune or station.

BEAUTY.

Socrates called it, a short lived tyranny; Plato, the privilege of nature; Aristotle, one of the most precious gifts of nature; Theophrastus, a rare elegance; Diogenes, the most forcible letter of recommendation! Carnades, a queen without soldiers; Theocritus, a serpent reared with flowers; Bion, a rood that does not belong to the possessor, because it is impossible to give one's self beauty, or to preserve it. After this most scientific display of quotations, all hazy with Greek names, may be added the definition of a modern author who calls it a bait, that often catches the fisher as the fish. The serpent took the beauty of Eve for his bait, to enable her to get rid of him; and succeeded. Now, has not this subtlety of that knowing one descended to posterity? in so much that one of the best baits to catch a woman, is to persuade her that you are intimately persuaded of her beauty. Such is the powerful influence of this branch of flattery, that rarely does that woman refuse the man any thing, to whom she has been weak or vain enough to listen to his praises upon this chapter. On the other who, she has reason to think, look on her as disagreeable, or ugly. In short, with women themselves, their first merit is that of beauty; which they would lay less stress upon, if they were to consider, how short a time they have to enjoy it!

PLANE.

Though a lover seems to be an animal born for nothing but approving, he may sometimes take the liberty to blunder for his beauty. The meaning of which is, that though his mistress may have great merit, he on his side has his share; and that she is very much in the wrong not to remember it.

BOLDNESS.

Excuse my boldness—This when said in the instant of snatching small favours, means "I am sounding the channel, to see how you will take small liberties: if you excuse this, I shall have room, I hope to proceed to greater." E.

FOR THE VILLAGE HERALD.

How many are there at the present day, even in the most liberal churches,

who entertain sentiments like those of Dr. Scott, complained of a century ago?

"Many persons, (he says) persuade themselves that God is wonderfully concerned about small things, about trifling opinions and indifferent actions, and the rites and modes, and appendages of religion; and under this persuasion they hope to atone for all the immorality of their lives by the forms and outside of religion; by uncommanded severities and affected singularities; by contending for opinions, and by sticking for parties; and by being pragmatically zealous about the borders and fringes of religion."

BALWIN.

From the New York Observer.

KNEELAND AGAIN DEFEATED.

And the Word of the Lord victorious.

Messrs. Editors.—The following narrative of recent facts, contains, in our opinion, matters of signal importance and interest to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, in this portion of the United States, and we desire to record them, and through the sheets of your valuable and popular paper, send them to all the brethren, from a motive similar to that which influenced the Apostle Paul, as he was upon the steps at Jerusalem, to tell what God had done for the conversion of the Gentiles.

Some time ago, a Universalist residing upon Schooley's Mountain, N. J., within the bounds of the Rev. Mr. Campbell's congregation, published a letter in a Universalist paper, containing some of the peculiar dogmas of his party, in addition to the challenge of Mr. C. In it the writer endeavored to impress upon the minds of the public, that Mr. C's doctrine was such as would not stand the test of a plausible and that if a Universalist preacher was to oppose him, his whole theological system would be demolished. In fact, it was a vulgar and abusive letter, very similar to those that Mr. Kneland used to publish before he fell into the hands of Mr. M. Calla, at Philadelphia. At first Mr. Campbell paid no attention to this bombastic letter, but finding that the friends of Universalism industriously spread these papers to a large extent among his people, he felt himself called upon to take some means to counter their influence. With a view to accomplish this, he publicly told his congregation, that on the 3d Sabbath of September, he would preach a sermon on the doctrine of Universalism. Immediately after making this public announcement of his design, handbills were stuck up in all directions in the neighbourhood, proclaiming that Abner Kneland, the preacher of Universalism, &c. &c. would on the same day and at the same place refute Mr. C's arguments, and publicly demolish his whole system. This, as might be expected, created a great sensation, and consequently, on the proposed Sabbath, the whole region for miles around, poured forth its inhabitants to the place of combat.

When Mr. C. arrived at the church, it was so filled that he could not get in; and hundreds who were in the same predicament, he found standing on the outside. As it was neither practicable to reach the pulpit, nor address all the people from a platform erected at the church door, upon which Mr. C. was placed to utter the message of God to this large, living, and heterogeneous congregation.

But for a moment let us pause in our narrative, and reflect upon the situation of this faithful and able ambassador of Christ, as he sat on the platform. When he announced his design of preaching on the doctrine of Universalism, he had nothing in view but to warn his beloved people of spiritual death to which this doctrine leads. He never thought of going beyond his own flock; much less into a congregation of Universalists. Judge then of his feelings, when he found that the Universalists for miles around headed by their leaders from New York, and he active supported by some of his friends from that great metropolis, had intruded themselves into his hitherto peaceable and retired congregation of Pleasant Grove. When we behold this man of God sitting among that people over whom the Holy Ghost had made him overseer, about to preach to them the Gospel in pliancy and sincerity, and see Mr. Kneland arrived from New York and take his seat directly before him together with Mr. Morris, the editor of the Universalist paper, who, as if to do his utmost to oppose the preacher, took out his paper and writing apparatus;—I say when we look upon this strange scene, we are not forcibly reminded of that incident recorded by the pen of inspiration in the book of Job, that when "the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came also among them to present himself before the Lord."

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continued to write.—Mr. Kneland and several other Universalists were occasionally sneering and laughing in his face, in order to disconcert him; while, with these exceptions, the whole multitude listened with breathless attention, though many of them were exposed to the scorching sun and wind during the whole service. When a friend, astonished and indignant at the effrontery of these emissaries of Universalism in attempting to browbeat Mr. C. asked him how he felt,—"I felt," exclaimed he, "I felt as if I could have stood up undismayed and proclaimed the Gospel of my Saviour, though hell had opened and poured all its legions before me." And well he might; for if ever the power of God was present with a congregation of his people, it was present on that occasion. The preacher, full of the spirit of his divine Master, spoke as man seldom speaks; and the great Head of the church evidently accompanied him, for he said with a peculiar blessing for such was the effect of that sermon, (which we hope and desire to see printed) that at the least two thirds, if not three fourths of the whole multitude, went directly home.

But this was not all; for the few who did remain, were so disgusted and disappointed with Kneland's sermon, that they kept gradually diminishing, until it is supposed he stopped short, fearing he might be placed in the awkward situation of being left without auditors. In fact, so complete was his defeat, that even those who before had a partiality for his doctrine, were heard to say that he had not refuted one of Mr. C's arguments. His utter defeat and failure of his party, in addition to the challenge of Mr. C. In it the writer endeavored to impress upon the minds of the public, that Mr. C's doctrine was such as would not stand the test of a plausible and that if a Universalist preacher was to oppose him, his whole theological system would be demolished. In fact, it was a vulgar and abusive letter, very similar to those that Mr. Kneland used to publish before he fell into the hands of Mr. M. Calla, at Philadelphia. At first Mr. Campbell paid no attention to this bombastic letter, but finding that the friends of Universalism industriously spread these papers to a large extent among his people, he felt himself called upon to take some means to counter their influence. With a view to accomplish this, he publicly told his congregation, that on the 3d Sabbath of September, he would preach a sermon on the doctrine of Universalism. Immediately after making this public announcement of his design, handbills were stuck up in all directions in the neighbourhood, proclaiming that Abner Kneland, the preacher of Universalism, &c. &c. would on the same day and at the same place refute Mr. C's arguments, and publicly demolish his whole system. This, as might be expected, created a great sensation, and consequently, on the proposed Sabbath, the whole region for miles around, poured forth its inhabitants to the place of combat.

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malice of heart. He decided that this could be best done, for when he said that his former convictions were enthusiasm and from the devil, he knew that they were produced by the Holy Spirit;—that the above declaration proceeded directly from God, and sealed his perdition. His distress and horror of mind increased, until they arose to the most alarming degree. At times he appeared to be in as much mental agony as he possibly could endure and live. He often declared he felt the very pains of hell in his bosom, and that if his soul and body were then in everlasting burnings, he could not suffer more. All means used to relieve him appeared only to increase the misery and horror of his mind. Often with a countenance distorted with all the features of despair, he would entreat those present never to quench the Spirit, never to deny the work of the Holy Ghost, or embrace the sentiments of infidelity; especially never to impute revivals and awakenings to the Devil.

His sufferings soon impaired his health; he lost his appetite for food, and sleep entirely forsook his eyes. Nothing but a fearful looking for judgment and fiery indignation from the Lord were before him. As his health declined, symptoms of derangement appeared. At times he seemed wholly to have lost his reason. Several circumstances gave rise to the apprehension that in his deranged state he would (if not prevented) deprive himself of life. On a certain day it appeared to the writer from something that Mr. F. dropped, that his determination to destroy himself was fixed, and the time for effecting this dreadful purpose was near at hand. These fears having been communicated to some of the family the night following his brother watched with him. In the night he often urged his brother to leave him and retire to rest, but finding his entreaties failed, he said that he would lie down and rest himself, if his brother would also. He accordingly retired into an adjacent room, out of which every weapon had been removed. The brother, unwilling to trust Mr. F. alone, lay down on a bed near the door of the room into which Mr. F. had retired. In a short time Mr. F. started from his bed—leaped over the bed of his brother—and before the latter could overtake him, seized a razor which is supposed he had secreted, for the purpose, and instantly cut his throat. The alarm soon spread; the writer came in a few moments afterwards; the wound was closed, and after an hour or more, Mr. F. was able to speak. He however persisted in his belief that all hope of mercy or pardon for him was gone, but he said he was sorry he had done as he had, because he said his life was not his own. A surgeon was found as soon as possible, who pronounced his wound not mortal, and proceeded to dress it. Mr. F. said, "I was vain, for God would take away his life in a few moments; and accordingly, to the astonishment of all present, he instantly expired. The scene which followed in the afflicted family surpassed all description. Three or four little children were seen leaning against the fence weeping most inconsolably—a grown daughter lay in the house in strong convulsions, and the wife of the unhappy man was raving with insanity.

Whether his fears that he had committed the unpardonable sin, were well founded or not, is known only to God. If the description which he himself gave was true, no one can doubt that he did commit it. Yet there were some circumstances which left a hope in the minds of his friends that he did not. But whether his apprehensions were true or false, his alarming case affords a most solemn warning.

All may here see, as if written by the finger of God, the infinite danger of resisting the awakening influences of the Holy Spirit. This is a crime against which the children of men are frequently warned in the word of God. Reader, hast thou ever been awakened to see thy sinfulness and danger, and hast thou labored to extinguish the light which it has afforded? Behold in the affecting case of Mr. F. thy awful danger.

TO PREPARE FULMINATING MERCURY.

The discovery of fulminating mercury was made, by Mr. Hume, and his process is still recommended by the most celebrated chemists, and was followed by Messrs. Gay, Lussac and Leibig, in their late experiments. It is as follows:—Dissolve 100 grains of mercury, in an ounce and a half of measure of nitric acid of the specific gravity of 1.3; add to the mixture two ounces by measure of alcohol, or pure spirit, and apply heat to the flask containing the mixture till it begins to boil; then remove the flask from the lamp. The action becomes violent, and continues for some time; a dense white smoke issues from the vessel, which is heavier than air. At first a little nitrate of mercury is deposited, and it is soon redissolved, the liquid becomes clearer, from the reduction of a part of the oxide of mercury; after time it becomes yellow, and crystals appear, which augment on cooling.

THE LEAD TREE.

Procure a phial or decanter and fill it with spring water, to which add a small quantity of sugar of lead, (about one ounce of lead to a quart of water,) then to a piece of zinc, fasten a wire crooked in the form of a still; fasten the zinc in such a manner to a cork that the wire hangs downwards; immerse this fluid, and in a few hours the tree will begin to grow, and produce a most beautiful effect.

ACCURATE JUDGMENT.

Strong prejudice is relieved by learning to distinguish things well, and not to judge by the lump. There is scarcely any thing in the world of morality or religion, that is perfectly uniform. We should remember that some persons have great wit, and little judgment; others are judicious, but not witty. Some are good humored without compliments; others have formalities of complaisance, but no good humor. We ought to know that one may be vicious and learned while another has virtue without learning. Thus many a man thinks admirably well, who has a poor utterance, while others have a charming manner of speech, but their thoughts are trifling and impure spirits, and apply heat to the flask containing the mixture till it begins to boil; then remove the flask from the lamp. The action becomes violent, and continues for some time; a dense white smoke issues from the vessel, which is heavier than air. At first a little nitrate of mercury is deposited, and it is soon redissolved, the liquid becomes clearer, from the reduction of a part of the oxide of mercury; after time it becomes yellow, and crystals appear, which augment on cooling.

They are of a grayish white, hard to the touch and heavy. They are to be separated from the liquid by filtering; to be washed in pure water, and dried in a heat not exceeding 212 degrees. By being dissolved and crystallized two or three times, they become brilliant, white and silky, and have a faint metallic lustre. We must caution our readers how they meddle with this substance, as it detonates if heated to upwards of 300 degrees, by the blow of a hammer, by friction, and by electricity. Indeed, as the French chemist, from whom we took the former article, observed, it detonates if struck or agitated with rods, and therefore the greatest caution is necessary both in preparing and using it. When it detonates, its effects are violent, but they do not extend far.

To obtain Liquid Sulphurous Acid.

Pass sulphurous acid gas, obtained by the ordinary methods, first through a tube filled with pieces of chloride of calcium, (minute of lime), and then into a mattress, surrounded by a mixture of two parts of ice and one part sea-salt. Sulphurous acid is thus liquefied, completely under the pressure of the atmosphere, and at a temperature not lower than 18 degrees to 50 degrees of the centigrade thermometer, of from 0 degrees to 4 degrees of Fahrenheit. It is then transparent, colorless, and heavier than water. At 14 degrees Fahrenheit it boils, but may be preserved liquid a long time, without having recourse to pressure, because the part which is converted into vapour absorbs so much caloric as to preserve the remainder below its boiling temperature. Poured into the hand, it produces the most intense cold, and is completely evaporated.

To convert Water into Ice.

Pour some of this sulphurous acid into water; one part is converted into vapour, another dissolved by the water, but as the water begins to be saturated, the acid collects in drops at the bottom of the vessel, like an oil heavier than water. If it be touched with a tube, or rod, it is converted into a vapour, and occasions a species of ebullition; the temperature of the water sinks and its surface is covered with a coat of ice; and the whole of the water may be frozen by adding the acid in proper quantity.

To produce an excessive degree of cold.

Surround the bulb of an air thermometer with cotton; dip it into sulphurous acid, and then allow the acid to evaporate spontaneously in the air. By making the experiment at the temperature of 10 degrees centigrade (54 degrees of Fahrenheit) a diminution corresponding to—37 degrees of centigrade (or—72 degrees of Fahrenheit) takes place in the vacuum of an air-pump, the temperature is reduced to—48 degrees of centigrade, (or—91 degrees Fahrenheit). It must be observed, however, that only an air thermometer can be employed to indicate this low temperature with accuracy.

To freeze Mercury.

Cover the bulb of a thermometer with cotton, pour over it sulphurous acid, and swing it in the air; in a few minutes the mercury becomes solid. This effect is more rapid by putting the thermometer in a small cup containing over it a small quantity of the acid, and placing the whole in an air-pump, from which the air is to be exhausted.

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Procure a phial or decanter and fill it with spring water, to which add a small quantity of sugar of lead, (about one ounce of lead to a quart of water,) then to a piece of zinc, fasten a wire crooked in the form of a still; fasten the zinc in such a manner to a cork that the wire hangs downwards; immerse this fluid, and in a few hours the tree will begin to grow, and produce a most beautiful effect.

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Princess Anne, Md.  
TUESDAY, NOV. 6, 1927.

### MORAL POWER.

In the discussions of the forum, or the controversies of the closet, the secret lies in the primary basis—it is the forensic power, equivalent to the great engine of Archimedes, as the lever in mechanics. Is your opponent an able logician? If you admit his premises, or cannot expose their sophistry, your defeat ensues as an irresistible corollary.

Now let us test our proposition by this rule. We proceed to present the fundamentals of our argument:

1. A government constituted upon a free expression of the public will is eminently calculated to promote the happiness of the people.

2. To derive the greatest practical good from the operations of a "free government," the elective franchise must be pure and unbiased by any inordinate influence, personal restraint, or species of deception.

3. The practice of treating, unworthy restriction, and the fraudulent shifting of ballots, or misrepresentation, are in direct hostility to a "free expression of public will"—they tend to pervert the true design of a "free government," and to substitute the arbitrary will of a few intriguing politicians.

4. The primitive streams of public opinion being polluted and perverted, by the officious intervention of fraud and corruption, the benefits of "free government" cease and expire; and aristocracy stalks abroad, or despotism, in effect, lords it over the bone and sinew of the land.

But—here we pause, and inquire—Is there in these any semblance of fallacious rationalization or artifice? The astute casuist cannot find it. Or, are there men in this community who will dare to deny the positive truth of any one of these positions?

If there be such they cannot deserve a part, or lot, in this republic. We will conclude with results? We give the following as a proper answer:—That the practice of "treating and other sensual influence during the canvass of elections," is justly abhorrent to the unalienable rights of freemen—they are the subversive tools of lordly power—they promote the purposes of intrigue, and destroy the substance of those blessings, which would flow from the free voice of an unadulterated population. And, furthermore, this baleful evil doth contribute strongly to paralyze both industry and honesty—to the waste of property—to idleness and disease—it generates debauchery, and all the miseries of the black catalogue of every hedonist vice and immorality. And yet it is said that some are willing to vote a practice?—Can this be true? *Credat judex!* Can those be found who will raise their heads, and advocate so vile a practice?—or those, professing piety, who, from prejudice or squeamishness, will not listen to the call, or linger in the execution? The honour and credit of an intelligent people will not permit us to believe it—but, on the contrary, we shall expect that one great and united effort will be put forth in this emergent crisis—*Let us strike while the iron is hot.*

DIED, in Baltimore, on the 28th ult. JAMES KEMP, D. D. late Bishop of the Protestant E. Church in Md. & Provost of the University of Maryland. The circumstances attending the death of this distinguished individual, (says a Baltimore paper), are such as to render it particularly distressing—As he was returning from Philadelphia, where he had been to assist in the consecration of Bishop Onderdonk, in passing over the Peninsula, between the two bays, the driver of the coach in which he was, being intoxicated, attempted to pass another carriage, and upset the coach, by which means several of the passengers were severely injured, and among others Bishop Kemp received the hurt, which has terminated in his death.

We further learn, by a Baltimore paper of Saturday last, that Mr. Jas. Abernethy, jr. has undertaken to prosecute, forthwith, the proprietors of the Line of Stages, in which the recent conduct of the inebriated drivers, has occasioned the serious occurrence above related.

Among the repairs which the State House at Annapolis is now undergoing, a roof of tin has been substituted for one of shingles; the Hall is also receiving improvements which will give it a more becoming appearance.

We have been politically favoured with several Baltimore papers of Saturday last. The most important intelligence contained in them is of a political nature, viz. a long statement of Mr. Markley of Pa. relative to the charge of "corruption, bargain and intrigue," made by Gen. Jackson against Mr. Clay, &c.

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Having observed in the 29th No. of your paper, a concise, but highly interesting description of the middle section of Florida, I send you for publication an extract from a letter, dated St. Augustine, Oct. 4th, 1927, which not only identifies what was there stated, but also shows what large and extensive fields there are for enterprise and industry, which inducements are in their nature so very striking, that in the course of a few years many who can scarcely support themselves and families in the more unfavourable sections of the Union, will seek resources in this "garden spot of America."

B. C. Springs, Oct. 27, 1927.

"I am scarcely able to give you an adequate description of these 'fruitful regions.' As you have often seen accounts of St. Augustine, I doubt not, but I deem it necessary to say any thing more concerning it than this, that it is one of the most healthy places in the United States. The eastern part of the Territory is generally poor, pine, barren land, perhaps in a general estimate not more than one acre in a hundred, calculated for any thing but wild beasts to roam on. It is a low, level, insulated country, but interspersed with rich live oak hammocks (generally upon the water courses) which will produce good crops of Sea Island Cotton, or Sugar Cane. The climate and soil are admirably adapted to the latter. The Western part of the Territory is similar to the Eastern, with this exception, it is more broken; but the middle part, I will not hesitate to say is the garden spot of America, or to be more explicit, it combines more advantages than any other part of the

Western Hemisphere. The lands are high and rolling, rich and fertile. The soil is a rich red clay and loam based on a limestone bottom. It lies convenient to the Gulf, and is interspersed with numerous lakes and rivers, which with a little art and industry, will afford great facilities to the farmer to convey his produce to market. The staple commodity of that section of the country as well as a considerable portion of this will be Sugar. From experiments which have been made for the last two years, an acre of ground will produce from 10 to 1500 pounds of Sugar, and the Molasses, &c. will pay the expenses of cultivation and manufacturing; and as much land may be cultivated in Sugar with the same number of hands as in Cotton. Many capitalists are moving into the Territory with their whole families, to commence the Sugar planting. Such experiments have been made as will fully justify the enterprise to invest their whole capital in the business.

"The cultivation of the Havana Tobacco is becoming a matter of much importance. Many successful experiments have been tried for the last three years, and it is now clearly ascertained that one acre of good land will produce from 100 to 125,000 Cigars, which will sell for \$10 to \$15 per box. One acre will not require more than the labour of one man, when the Tobacco is cured, the Cigars are manufactured at 62 1/2 cents per thousand.

"In a very short time the cultivation of Tobacco will be one of the other agricultural pursuits in the neighbourhood. We procure our seed from Havana, and our Cigars are said to be equal to any manufactured in Cuba. Oranges grow in this country to perfection, some limes, lemons, and plantains; but as we sometimes have hard frosts, the tropical fruits can never be an object of much importance.

"Should the contemplated Canal from the Gulf Stream to the Atlantic be effected, this country will open an extensive field to the industries and enterprising adventurer. I have given you, so far, a correct statement of the resources of our Territory, on which you may rely as being religiously true—every particular having come under my own observation."

From the British Traveller of Sep. 8. We are on the eve of a great crisis. Scenes of intense and magnificent interest are about to be enacted in the East. It appears from the latest advices, that Turkey is awakening from her sleep of ages, and making the most formidable exertions to repel the hostile aggressions of Russia, and to retain her hold of her Greek Provinces. The matter of contention, which is the subject of European discussion, Turkey will enable the Sultan Mahmud to prop the collapsing towers of the Seraglio, and again lift up the "abominable flag that maled the desecrated" over our beleaguered cities of the Aegean Sea, Acropolis. But though human efforts may delay, they will not, cannot ultimately defeat the progress of knowledge. The revolutions we daily witness attest this a voice of battle. The great circle of improvement must finally be complete. The sun which shines at Lisbon, will shine, in turn, at Cairo and Istanbul. We may despair, but Europe do not quickly interpose, the scimitar of the ruthless Ottoman will again be bathed in the choicest blood of Greece—Russia has been completely routed by the forces of the North Atlantic of the Northern Autocrat of scattering the green turbaned squadrons of Teflis, at the first charge of her Georgian cavalry, and opening the road for her Cossacks and Cossacks to the heart of Persia, have been bailed for the present, and thus ends the march of the Indian of Northern Colossus. But her long indulged daydreams of the march of the Great of the Crescent-crowned dardars of Constantinople, appears on the eve of accomplishment. According to a letter from Poland, great activity is employed in fitting out the Russian fleet, and it is a measure regarded as an indispensable preliminary to a war with the Porte. These preparations, we are told, were hitherto disregarded by the Emperor, because they were confined to the establishment of a military force on the Danube. But as soon as orders were sent to equip a fleet on the Black Sea, a Russian army, advancing to the Balkans, might be cut off by landing in it, whereas, if the Russian fleet proceeded into the Sea, the army may proceed without any danger. Notwithstanding this menacing appearance, we do not think, nor do we think, that the fall of Ottoman's throne will be so easily accomplished as some presume. Turkey will perish with the convulsive throes of a dying giant. Her unprincipled and unscrupulous, and her Shuhs will be driven back by the more regular charge of the Russian cavalry, but not without reiterated resistance.—Like the retreating Greeks around the body of Patroclus, their retreat will be a protracted defeat; step after step, strip of armor and spoils—fill at last, the nightingales of Christian Europe, and when her furious sons beheld the Caliph leader urge his horse into the sea, and lifting up his hand to witness, that nature and nature only, resist the further propagation of his laws. The time for that burning zeal has long past. But who can tell whether it may not be rekindled by collision with the rival bigotry of Russia? To our view, there are still materials in the Musselman creed, for creating an enthusiasm, equal in character, and perhaps in degree, to that which enabled the Saracens to resist and battle the shock of Europe's most warlike chivalry, with England's lion heart at its head, precipitated on the shores of Palestine. We are on the eve, as we began with saying, of a momentous crisis, and time only can decide, whether the consequences of the new vital military desolation, which is about to be poured out, will be pregnant with evil, or redundant with good.

### DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

A few practical illustrations deduced from facts, are worth a bundle of tropes and figures in supporting of the policy of domestic manufactures.—The United States Gazette supplies the following:—

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Wm. H. Harrison Benjamin Ruggles  
Louisiana—  
Dominique Boutigny J. S. Johnston  
ILLINOIS—  
William Horricks James Noble  
Thomas M. Williams Powhatan Ellis  
ILLINOIS—  
Elias K. Kane Jesse B. Thomas  
J. D. Duncan  
ALABAMA—  
Henry Chambers William R. King  
MISSOURI—  
David Barton Thomas H. Beaton  
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.  
MAINE—  
John Anderson James W. Kipley  
Samuel Boutwell Polg Sprague  
Jeremiah O'Brien  
NEW HAMPSHIRE—  
David Barker, Jr. Joseph Healy  
NEW JERSEY—  
Lewis Condit Samuel Swan  
George Holcomb George Tuckman  
Isaac Pierson George Tuckman  
DELAWARE—  
Konsey Johns  
PENNSYLVANIA—  
William Adams Charles Miner  
Samuel Anderson John Mitchell  
Thomas Barlow Samuel M. Keen  
James Buchanan Robert Gray, Jr.  
Richard Goulter William Ramsey  
Chauncey Forward John Sargent  
Joseph Frey, Jr. James S. Stevenson  
James Green John B. Sturgis  
Samuel D. Ingham Andrew Stewart  
George Krenner John B. Sutherland  
Adam King Esay Van Horne  
Joseph Lawrence James Wilson  
Daniel H. Miller George Wolf  
MARYLAND—  
John Barney Michael C. Spring  
Clement Dorsey G. C. Washington  
John C. Morris John C. Morris  
John L. Kerr E. K. Wilson  
Peter Little  
VIRGINIA—  
Robert Allen N. H. Claiborne  
Mark Alender Thos. Despreux  
Wm. S. Archer John Floyd  
W. Armstrong, Jr. Isaac Lefley  
J. S. Barlow Lewis Maxwell  
P. P. Barber C. P. McNear  
Barwell Bassett Wm. M. Cary  
Thos. Newton Alex. Stuart  
John Randolph A. Stevenson  
Wm. C. Rivers J. Taberner  
John Reame J. F. Zeitz  
N. CAROLINA—  
Wm. Aiston L. L. Lott  
D. L. Barringer John Long  
J. H. Bryson L. S. Sawyer  
S. P. Carson A. B. Shepherd  
H. W. Gosner "Dan" Turner  
W. C. Gentry L. W. Wams  
Th. Hull  
S. CAROLINA—  
John Carter Wm. D. Martin  
W. R. Davis Th. R. Mitchell  
Wm. D. Drayton W. T. Yorks  
James Hamilton S. Tucker  
G. McDuffie  
GEORGIA—  
John Floyd W. Lumpkin  
"E. Fort W. Thompson  
C. E. Haughey G. E. Gilmer  
Vacancy, in room of J. Forsyth elected Governor.  
KENTUCKY—  
R. A. Buckner Th. M. McCallie  
James Clarke Th. M. McCallie  
H. D. Baker T. P. Moore  
J. Lecompte C. A. Wickliffe  
R. P. Letcher "Joel" Yancey  
C. Lyon (One vacancy)  
TENNESSEE—  
"Floyd" Lee  
John Bell John Blair  
John Blackett J. H. Manille  
D. Blackett J. C. Mitchell  
R. Dresha James K. Folk  
J. C. Isaacs  
OHIO—  
M. Bartley John Sloane  
P. Boecher W. Stuntz  
W. C. Greighton J. C. Vance  
J. Davenport S. T. Vinton  
R. F. Findley R. Whitlsey  
Wm. C. Leach J. Woods  
W. Russell J. C. Wright  
LOUISIANA—  
W. L. Beut E. Livingston  
H. H. Gurley  
T. H. Blake Oliver H. Smith  
J. Jennings  
MISSISSIPPI—  
Wm. H. Harrison Benjamin Ruggles  
Louisiana—  
Dominique Boutigny J. S. Johnston  
ILLINOIS—  
William Horricks James Noble  
Thomas M. Williams Powhatan Ellis  
ILLINOIS—  
Elias K. Kane Jesse B. Thomas  
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Lewis Condit Samuel Swan  
George Holcomb George Tuckman  
Isaac Pierson George Tuckman  
DELAWARE—  
Konsey Johns  
PENNSYLVANIA—  
William Adams Charles Miner  
Samuel Anderson John Mitchell  
Thomas Barlow Samuel M. Keen  
James Buchanan Robert Gray, Jr.  
Richard Goul











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A vertical strip of a film negative, showing a dark, grainy image with horizontal lines and some light artifacts. The image is oriented vertically and appears to be a scan of a film strip.















# THE VILLAGE HERALD.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN S. ZIEBER, PRINCESS-ANNE, SOMERSET COUNTY, MARYLAND.

VOL. I.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1827.

NO. 38.

## Terms of Publication.

THE VILLAGE HERALD is published weekly at \$2.50 per annum, or at \$2 if sent by mail and subject to postage, in either case to be paid half-yearly in advance. No subscription taken for a shorter period than six months; none discontinued unless at the editor's discretion; and a failure to notify a discontinuance, previous to the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be invariably considered as a new engagement.

Advertisements, not exceeding a square, will be inserted three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each continuance; those exceeding a square in the same proportion.

Advertisements, if handed in by Monday night at 10 o'clock, shall appear in the paper next morning.

Persons advertising must limit the time of insertion, otherwise their advertisements will be continued until charged accordingly.

All communications addressed to the editor must come post paid.

## FOR SALE OR RENT.

THE Subscriber is desirous of disposing of his real estate, being and lying in Worcester county, Md., and situated on Dividing-Creek. The land estate consists of 2000, or more acres—A dwelling house and out-buildings with a good garden, and a small mill, all in excellent order, and the improvements; also, a young orchard. About 100 acres of the land is in a state of cultivation.

There is, on one part of the above property, an abundance of *Iva Ore*, which would warrant the erection of a Forge, and prove an object of value to a purchaser acquainted with, and calculated for, such an undertaking. If this property is not sold by the 25th of December next, it will on that be offered for rent, on the premises.

The terms of sale will be—one third down, and 3 years for the payment of the balance.

JOHN MORRIS,  
Dec 1827

The American Sentinel, Philadelphia, and the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, will please insert the above once a week for 8 weeks, and send on their bills for collection.

## NOTICE.

BY virtue of a decree of Somerset County Court, sitting as a Court of Chancery, passed at November Term, 1827, will be offered at public sale to the highest and best bidder, part of a tract of land called *Deer Park*, containing 5021 acres, more or less, the property of Amos E. Waters (minor). This land is situated near Potomac river, in Somerset county—it is well timbered, and has excellent buildings. The terms of sale will be twelve months credit, the purchaser, or purchasers, giving bond or bonds to the Trustee with security to be approved by the Trustee.

Sale to take place at Mr. Long's Tavern in the town of Princess-Anne on Tuesday the 25th instant, between the hours of 10 and 4 o'clock P. M.

JAMES WILSON, Trustee.  
Dec. 4, 1827.

## State of Maryland, sc.

Somerset County Orphans Court.

ON application of Cathell Humphreys and Humphrey Humphreys, Executors of Thomas Humphreys, late of Somerset county, dec'd, it is ordered that they give the notice required by law, for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that the same be published once in each week for three successive weeks in the paper printed at Princess-Anne.

JAMES POLK, Register of Wills for Somerset county.

In compliance with the above Order.

## Notice is hereby given.

THAT the subscribers of Somerset county have obtained from the Orphans Court of said county, in Md. letters of administration on the personal estate of Thos. Humphreys, late of Somerset county, deceased.—All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 25th day of June next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 20th day of November, 1827.

CATHELL HUMPHREYS,  
HUMPHREY HUMPHREYS,  
Ex'rs. of T. Humphreys, dec'd.  
Nov. 27.

## BANK NOTE EXCHANGE.

Corrected agreeably to the latest Baltimore papers.

MARYLAND.	
Bank of the U. S. and Branches	par
Baltimore Banks	par
Annapolis	par
Easton	par
Frederick	par
Frederick County Bank	par
Bank Westminster	par
Hager's Town	par
Planters' Bk. P. G. Co.	\$2 and upwards
Elkton	1
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.	
Bank of Columbia	20
Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Georgetown	par
Union Bank Georgetown	par
Bank of Washington	par
Bank of the metropolis	par
Patriotic Bank	par
Bank of Alexandria	par
Farmers' Bank of Alexandria	par
Bank of Potomack	par
Mechanics' Bank of Alexandria	par
VIRGINIA.	
Bank of Virginia & Branches	par
Farmers' Bank of Virginia and Branches	par
Bank of the Valley at Winchester	par
Do at Charlestown	par
Do at Leesburg	par
Do at Romney	par
Lynchburg Branches	par
Western Bank of Virginia at Wheeling	11
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware	par
Farmers' Bank	par
Whitington & Bryndwyne	par
Commercial Bank of Smyrna	par
Branch Bank of Milford	par
PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia City Banks	par
York Bank	par
Carlisle Bank	par
Chambersburg Bank	par
Gettysburg Bank	par
Lancaster Bank	par
Harrisburg Bank	par
Clearwater County Bank	par
Gettysburg Bank	par
Farmers' Bank of Lancaster	par
NEW-YORK.	
City Banks	par
Albany Banks	par
NORTH-CAROLINA.	
Northern Bank	par
Cape Fear Bank	par
SOUTH-CAROLINA.	
Charleston Banks	par
GEORGIA.	
Bank of Savannah	par
Bank of Augusta	par
Bank of Darien	par
NEW-JERSEY.	
New Brunswick Bank	par
Trenton Banking Company	par
State Bank at Camden	par
Do Philadelphia	par
Do Trenton	par
Do Morristown	par
Do New Brunswick	par
Salem Banking Company	par
People's Bank at Patterson	par

## T. L. DISHARON.

HATTER.

SNOW-HILL, MD.

RETURNS his thanks to his friends in Somerset county, who have heretofore favoured him with their custom, and informs them and the gentlemen generally of this and the adjoining counties, that he has on hand, and intends keeping in his shop at Snow-Hill, a general assortment of

## Water Proof Hats.

Made of the very best materials, the Philadelphia and New York markets afford, and in the most fashionable style, tipped off with genuine fur. Although he has it not in his power to style his manufactory an "Old establishment," he is proud to acknowledge it a new one. In all new concerns, it is admitted that something new—something fashionable may be expected. Novelty has become the order of the day—an unfashionable hat on the head of any man is an odd sight—a very ugly one. The subscriber, well aware of the fact, notwithstanding he has not been long napping, has made it his study to discover the knack of making Hats in the *Bon Ton* style. He confidently asserts that those who have been with their customers will have their favours supplied, on as cheap terms as can be obtained on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, or any other shore in the United States. A reasonable deduction will be made on Hats bought, by merchants, to sell again.

Sept. 25, 1827.

## Consumptions, Coughs, &c.

BUTLER'S VEGETABLE INDIAN SPECIFIC.

For the Cure of Colds, Coughs, Consumptions, Spitting Blood, Asthma, and all Disorders of the Breast and Lungs.

The Vegetable Indian Specific, has stood the test of experience, and proved itself the most valuable remedy ever discovered for the cure of coughs, colds, asthma, and all diseases of the breast and lungs, leading to consumption.

Among the numerous testimonials in the possession of the proprietor, is the following:

*Certificate.*  
10th May, 1827.  
I, Samuel Moore, do hereby certify that for upwards of a year, I was severely afflicted with a pain in my breast, accompanied with a very bad cough, and shortness of breath, and every indication (in the opinion of a physician) of approaching consumption. After passing through a course of medicine, and finding no relief, I was induced to make trial of Butler's Vegetable Indian Specific, and the use of one and a half bottles, completely restored me to health, and I have remained so ever since, being upwards of a year.

(Signed) S. MOORE.  
The celebrated Dr. Colley has taught us that "our first attention should be employed in watching the approach of disease and preventing its proceeding to an incurable state—and in persons of a consumptive habit, especially those born of consumptive parents, the symptoms of an approaching consumption at the consumptive period of life ought carefully to be attended to."

The Specific is obtained by extraction from herbs, roots, flowers, plants, &c. when in perfection. In consequence of a happy combination of the most valuable ingredients, it becomes a balsam of supreme value. It loosens the injured parts, opens the pores and composes the disturbed nerves, after the manner of an anodyne; consequently the obstruction of the chest and the lungs which constitute the disease, particularly need its use. It promotes expectoration, which is so constantly called for, and whilst it cleanses and heals, it also gives strength to the tender lungs. In this manner it removes the hectic fever, improves digestion, gives strength to the nerves, repairs the appetite and improves the spirits. This Specific may always be given in safety—it is mild, pleasant to the taste, and is found particularly useful in hypochondriacal, nervous and hysterical diseases.

Each bill of directions contains a detailed account of this disease in all its different stages, and will be accompanied with the signature of the proprietor, in red ink. It is offered for sale by

JOHNSTON & SUDLER,  
Princess Anne, Md.  
Nov. 20, 1827.

## District of Maryland, to wit:

(L. S.) BE IT REMEMBERED.

That on this 23d day of October, in the 51st year of the Independence of the U. S. of America, William Hollins, of the said district, hath deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit: "Rail roads in the United States of America; or, a practical and theoretical treatise on the subject, on the part of the State of Maryland, to the Baltimore & Ohio rail road company, addressed to the officers and representatives of the people in the several States of the Union, and to the General Government—By a Citizen of Baltimore."

In conformity with the act of Congress of the U. S. entitled "An act for the recording, deposit of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the time therein mentioned;" and also to the act, entitled "An act supplementary to the Act, entitled An Act, for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the time therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof, to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

PHILIP MOORE,  
Clerk of the District of Md.

A few copies of the above work are for sale at this office.

## Magistrates' Blanks

Newly printed at the Herald Office.

## State of Maryland, sc.

Somerset County Orphans Court.

ON application of Anne S. COLLINS, administratrix of the estate of William Collins, late of Somerset county, dec'd, it is ordered, that she give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that the same be published once in each week, for the space of three successive weeks, in the paper printed at Princess-Anne.

True copy.  
JAMES POLK, Register of Wills for Somerset county.

In compliance with the above Order.

## Notice is hereby given.

THAT the subscriber of Somerset county, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of said county in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of William Collins, late of Somerset county, deceased.—All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the third day of June next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 30th day of October, 1827.

ANNE S. COLLINS, Administratrix of W. Collins, dec'd.  
Nov. 27, 1827.

## State of Maryland, sc.

Somerset County Orphans Court.

ON application of Robt. L. KING, adm'r. of Robt. L. King, late of Somerset county, deceased, it is ordered by the Court, that he give the notice required by law, for the creditors to exhibit their claims against the estate of the said deceased, and that the same be published once a week, for three weeks, in the paper printed at Princess-Anne.

True copy.  
JAMES POLK, Register of Wills for Somerset county.

In compliance with the above Order.

## Notice is hereby given.

THAT the subscriber of Somerset county, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of said county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Robert L. King, late of Somerset county, deceased.—All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 4th day of June, 1828.—they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 20th day of November, 1827.

ROBT. L. KING, Adm'r. of R. L. King, dec'd.  
Nov. 27.

## State of Maryland, sc.

Somerset County Orphans Court.

ON application of Elizabeth McCLISTER, & Samuel Gordon, administrators, &c. &c. of John McCLISTER, late of Somerset County, deceased, it is ordered that they give the notice required by law, for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that the same be published once in each week for three successive weeks, in the paper printed at Princess-Anne.

True copy.  
JAMES POLK, Register of Wills for Somerset county.

In compliance with the above Order.

## Notice is hereby given.

THAT the subscribers, of Somerset county, have obtained from the Orphans Court of Somerset county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of John McCLISTER, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 4th day of June next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 21st day of Nov. 1827.

ELIZABETH McCLISTER, Administratrix, and SAMUEL GORDON, Administrator, of J. McCLISTER, dec'd.  
Nov. 27.

## Wanted, Immediately.

An Apprentice to the Printing Business, about 15 years of age. Apply at the office of the Village Herald.

## TRUSTEE'S SALE.

IN CHANCERY IN SOMERSET COUNTY COURT.

Handy H. Irving.

Eljah Parsons, administrator of Peter Dashiell, Robert N. Dashiell, Edward Dashiell, Jane Dashiell, John H. Dashiell, Isabella Dashiell, Priscilla Dashiell, and Sarah Dashiell, children and heirs at law of Peter Dashiell.

BY virtue of a decree of Somerset County Court in this cause the undersigned will offer at public sale, to the highest and best bidder, in the town of Salisbury, Maryland, at the auction room of James L. Waller, esq. on Wednesday the 26th instant: A tract or parcel of land called "Mill Lot," situated in Somerset County, Maryland, on the south side of the Vicomero river, and on both sides of Toney Tank creek, containing sixty-one acres, more or less, together with the improvements & appurtenances thereunto belonging, consisting of a large two-story dwelling house, and other necessary out-houses, and a saw and grist mill, which have been esteemed very valuable. Also a tract or part of a tract of land called "Chestnut Lot," supposed to contain twenty-seven acres, situated in the county aforesaid, and on the north side of the said Toney Tank creek. Also one other parcel of land containing sixty-nine acres, more or less, being a vacancy included in a patent of resurvey called "Toney's Plant," and named in said patent "the first vacancy." Also one other parcel of land containing fourteen acres being a vacancy included in the said patent of resurvey, called "Toney's Plant," and named therein "the second vacancy." All of which said lands are near and contiguous to the said mills.—Also one other tract or part of a tract of land called *Harmon's*, containing four hundred & thirty-two acres, more or less, situated in the said county and near to the said mills.—Also one other tract of land called *Jenny Dang the Weaver*, or "Jenny Dang the Weaver," containing ninety-five acres, more or less, situated in the said county near the said mills.—Also one other parcel of land called *Bottlington Ridge*, supposed to contain from three hundred to five hundred acres, situated in the said county, on the south side of the Vicomero river and near the upper ferry. Also one other parcel of land situated at Sand Point, in the said county, called *Cherry Hill*, or *Prospect Hill*, consisting of unimproved lots.—Also one other piece or parcel of land, containing one acre, being part of a tract of land called *Linton's Dispersery*, situated in the said county, on the south side of the said Vicomero river, being a convenient landing.—Also one other tract of land called *Jackson's Jurisdiction*, containing twenty acres, more or less, situated in the said county, and on the south side of the Vicomero river. Also a part of a tract of land called *Little Eden*, containing twelve and a half acres, more or less, situated in the county aforesaid and near the aforesaid mills.—Also one other parcel of land called *Purchase*, containing thirty-three and a quarter acres, situated in the said county and near the said mills.—Also one other tract or parcel of land called *Fitcher's Study*, containing forty acres, more or less, situated in the said county, and on the south side of the said river.

A particular description of this property is deemed unnecessary, as it is presumed that persons wishing to purchase will view the same before the day of sale.—The Trust of Sale will be a credit of twelve months for the one half of the purchase money, and eighteen months for the balance, the purchaser, or purchasers, giving bond to the Trustee, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale. Upon the ratification of the sale by the Court, and the payment of the purchase money to the Trustee, the Trustee is directed by the said decree to execute to the purchaser, or purchasers, his, her, or their heirs, a deed for the property to him, her, or them sold, conveying the title of the complainant and defendants in the premises. The sale will commence at 10 o'clock A. M.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of the aforesaid Peter Dashiell, late of the aforesaid county, deceased, that they must bring in their claims against the said Peter, with the vouchers thereof, and lodge the same with the Clerk of Somerset County Court, within six months from the day of sale.

WILLIAM W. HANDY, Trustee.

Princess Anne, Dec. 4, 1827.

## BLANK BILLS OF SALE.

Printed on fine Paper, FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.











